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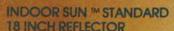
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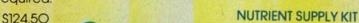
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HIGH TIMES

No. 81 May '82

FEATURES	
Interview: Bill Griffith by Greg Blair "Taco sauce for my Ding Dongs and a piña colada for my pet dolphin. Repent, for the end of the rinse cycle is at hand." That's right, friends, it's Zippy—well, sort of. This month we present an exclusive interview with the man behind the pinhead. Find out if Zippy discusses makeup technique on the first date and how many green stamps it takes to redeem the father figure of your choice	32
Negative Girls by Victor Bockris "I am a photograph fixed in the imagination of men," slobbered one Negative Girl recently, after she'd finished drinking for the evening. "Sex is either boring or embarrassing, but nothing disgusts me more than a guy pleading for a hand job." From Helen of Troy to Holly Golightly, Negative Girls have been the most exciting and stimulating creatures ever to order a la carte	40
The Gorilla, the Nun and the Kangaroo by Gerald Carpenter A blind man led by a seeing-eye dog walks into a bar and orders a drink. As the bartender takes his order the blind man grabs the dog by the tail and starts swinging it over his head. "Hey, whattya think you're doin'," shouts the bartender. "I'm just having a look around," replies the blind man. More inside.	46
Centerfold: The Lost Treasure of Santa Marta	53
Dr. McDope in Peru by Ron Siegel and Dave Sheridan Who says doctors don't make house calls anymore? Dr. McDope does. Come with him as he pays a bedside visit to an ailing South American cocaproducing country. A Cocaine Confidential Cartoon Special	56
HIGHWITNESS NEWS	
Virginia Man Gets 40-Year Sleep for Sale of Nine OuncesRehnquist's Knock-out DropsOperation Firebase: DEA Wins First RoundNarcs Seek Smack, Lose \$20,000Dope Tiger Slain by SheriffsArctic Tokers Call One-Pound Limit MushAdministration Declares War on Drug-Law EnforcementHawkeye Radar Jets to Blip Pot Planes	19
Trans-High Market Quotations	29
DEPARTMENTS	
Flashes	7
Connoisseur "R." remembers Belushi	16
Abuse Folio Set ups: Glutethimide and codeine	30
Grow American	62
Seeds 'n' Stems Your Quaalude Growers' Guide, much more	79
High Times Classified	22

Sounds Talkin' with Dr. John; backstage with the Kinks, more

Last Words Birdbrain! by Allen Ginsberg



Cover photo by (clockwise, from lower left): Jeremy Bigwood, Bill Griffith, Bettman Archive, Marcia Resnick



by Irv Yarg
In the two years before his death, Adolf Hitler consumed more drugs than any ten HIGH TIMES readers could absorb in 50 lifetimes. But hold the little black mustaches, kids. According to our author, the Führerman's stashbag was loaded with morphine, coke and antiflatulents—pulverized bull testicles cut with grape sugar notwithstanding, of course.



by Dr. Andrew Weil
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all you drooling mycophiles
out there who stalk the forests
hungry for a taste of the
unknown, driven by an
unwholesome compulsion to
make contact with the "night
side of the mind."

93

96

106

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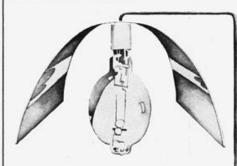
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> Founding Editor THOMAS KING FORCADE, 1945-1978

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HIGH TIMES has been seized by various authorities in such places as Texas, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Nevada, Wisconsin and Colorado. That's right, police with badges and guns walked right into stores and actually confiscated issues of our magazine.

Technically, I am pleased to report, HIGH TIMES is not illegal anywhere in these free United States, and so far none of these goon-squad raids have been done to impress judges or juries. They are, though, blatant attempts to intimidate store owners and newsstands to stop carrying HIGH TIMES. In each of the raids so far, the authorities have also hauled off various items they call drug paraphernalia: items like pipes, mirrors, razor blades, posters, T-shirts and belt buckles. Of course, HIGH TIMES invariably is returned immediately upon the request of our attorneys. But the point is not lost on the merchants and advertisers.

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances."

That is the First Amendment. That is the entire First Amendment. There is no more to the First Amendment, not another comma or syllable. "No law." And don't give me any shit about the Founding Fathers not having magazines like HIGH TIMES in mind—those Founding Fathers were some of the most accomplished subversives and rabble-rousers and smugglers in all history, and when they said "no law" that's exactly what they meant. No damned law abridging freedom of speech.

I recently sat in the U.S. Supreme Court—only in the visitor's section so far—and listened to a debate about one of these laws. I listened to an eloquent attorney from a town called Hoffman Estates, Illinois, argue that what this whole problem boiled down to was a question of lifestyles. He insisted that government has the right to legislate against any lifestyle it feels is undesirable.

This whole "lifestyle" pogrom is even weirder and fouler than your standard politics of paranoia. Those Nazi bastards are out to get you, if you read and like this

magazine. Or if you have certain pipes and books and other things. What other things? Don't worry, they'll know them when they see them. Look around you—these people are deadly serious.

Calling themselves churches and families, there is a whole group of people (or lifestyle, if you will) who think they should supply you with their set of rules. The fight gets costly and draining at times, which is exactly what the other side wants. But I'm not worried, this is America. I was born and raised here, and I know for a fact that there are a hell of a lot more real, traditional Americans than the New Right will ever understand. We will never let them get away with it.

Get in on the backlash bandwagon now! Any time there is a "lifestyle" pogrom in your community, send the details to us at HIGH TIMES. Let us know the organizations involved and the victims. Don't let it go unnoticed or unprotested in your town. Who knows, yours may be the next lifestyle they want to legislate out of existence.

As for HIGH TIMES, they will not silence us.

If you want to send a contribution to help combat the abuse of your rights, there is a group that is instrumental in fighting these repressive laws. No amount is too small, Make your check payable to American Businesses for Constitutional Rights, 1111 Stahlman Bldg., P.O. Box 121311, Nashville, TN 37212. Or at least let us know what you think by sending your comments on this matter to HIGH TIMES, 17 W. 60th St., New York, NY 10023.

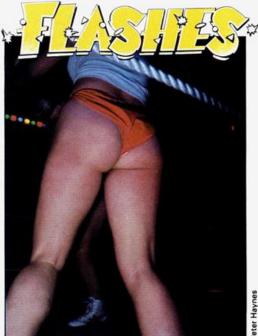
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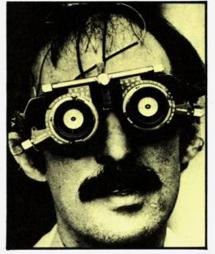
They call it foxy boxing. Pretty girls dressed in G-strings and oversized foamrubber gloves cavort in a ten-foot-square ring, shooting left jabs, right hooks and occasionally a bit of beaver. The matches are usually held in bars and discos, with each contest consisting of three one-minute rounds. Between rounds a few lucky spectators are called ringside to help cool the girls off by spraying a fine mist of water on their tight-fitting T-shirts. Though matches are held in three weight divisions-light, middle and heavy-it's the heavyweight mamas that bring the boys out. Why so? "It's simple," says aficionado Luke Newton of Atlanta. "The bigger they are the harder we get."

LUDE AWAKENING

I don't know how long I slept or why I dreamed the dreams I dreamt, but somehow all my blankets fled to drape the partner in my bed and how my pillow came to share its place with such a stranger's face is quite the question to be pressed when we are up and fully dressed.

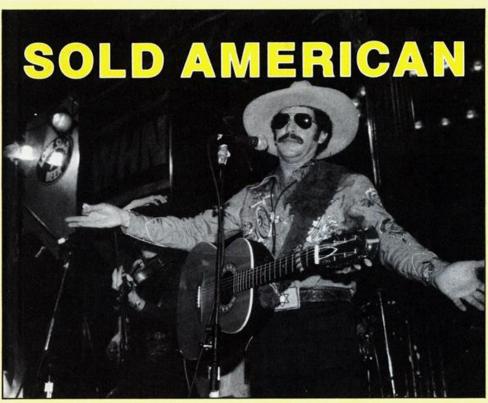
-Allen J. Sheinman

EYE BALL THE **STARS**



FENTON BENDIX

Actor Robert Conrad is said to be in stable condition after swallowing his fake mustache while filming the disaster-plagued movie version of Balls-The G. Gordon Liddy Story. If Pappy Conrad is unable to continue in the film, based on the hit TV special, studio poop has the role going to warbler Andy Gibb. Execs feel the Aussie twit has boffo drawing power and the burly stash and a pair of black contact lenses will make him look mucho macho . . . This gadabout was one disappointed cowboy after seeing Warren Beatty's Reds. Turns out it's about some political bullshit that happens around the turn of the century or something, way before Seconals were even invented. Just when I thought filmmakers were starting to get hip again . . . Word is that porn queen Marilyn Chambers has been inked to endorse a new "adult" breakfast cereal called "Pelvic Thrusties." Wonder if the one-time Ivory Snow girl will put her face on the box? Even more important, will the potable Ms. Chambers acknowledge this plug by putting her box on Bendix's face? Only time and tides will



Let's let Contributing Editor and countrywestern star Kinky Friedman make his own pitch for his brand new album, Live at the Lone Star.

'This is the first LP made exclusively for TV," Kinky told us over dim sum in Chinatown. "It's also the first album made this year by an artist with a quantum of spiritual integrity, with the possible exception of Jim Nabors."

The Kinkster grabbed a char shew boi and gesticulated earnestly, "The beauty of this album is I don't have to worry about gaining a bullet or losing a bullet or some asshole in Detroit playing the fucker on the air. It's available only by calling (800) 453-9000 after the boogers see the ad on the tube. Look, you can play it at parties, argue to it, hose to it or raunch someone in

the bum tunnel to it."

Live at the Lone Star, which was recorded that way at the famous NYC country hotspot, contains some Kinky originals as well as terrific covers of "Wabash Cannonball," "Luckenback, Texas," "Redneck Mother" and more. For Kinky, it's his first album after a five-year hiatus. Why?

"I don't know." Kinky swallowed a spring roll. "Maybe I have to come to grips with the reality that I'm not Juice Newton. But I got a good feeling about this one. I think this album is gonna go cardboard in Canada."

Live at the Lone Star goes for \$7.98 for the LP, \$9.98 for 8-track and cassette, payable by cash, major credit card, and Blue Cross-Blue Shield. Operators are standing by.



Editor:

I don't know about the other HIGH TIMES readers, but when I plunk down \$2.95 for a magazine I either want to see pictures of naked girls in lewd and suggestive poses, or read interesting and provocative articles and interviews. The fact that you would devote 7 whole pages of a 108-page magazine to someone as intellectually insipid as Stevie Nicks upsets me not a little. Did you know that within the space you afforded Ms. Nicks you could have reprinted all of Immanuel Kant's Prolegomena to Any Future Metaphysics?

> Alexander Lipkin Omaha, Nebr.

This is truly amazing! You may not believe this, but we actually planned to reprint Kant's Prolegomena in our March issue until our receptionist pointed out that his synthesis of Leibniz-Wolffian rationalism and Humean skepticism was, on close examination, clearly specious and that, all things considered, we'd be on much safer ground with the Nicks interview. Sorry. - Ed.

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HEARKEN HEARKEN MS. ELLEN BARKIN

Actress Ellen Barkin, whose new film, *Diner*, opened to rave reviews across the country, is being hailed by West Coast insiders as the dazzling new star in Hollywood's Aureole Borealis. We sent her brother, associate editor George Barkin, to Texas to interview Ellen, who's currently shooting *Tender Mercies*, in which she costars with Robert Duvall.

George: First off, I'd like to say that I for one always enjoyed it when we used to take baths together and Mom used to wash our hair in the tub and kiss us when our eyes were closed. Do you feel the same?

Ellen: I enjoyed taking baths together period. Especially when we used to have those swimming races. That was the greatest.

George: Ellen, what did you *really* think of Grandma?

Ellen: Well, that's kind of tough to answer because, as you know, she never liked me as much as she did you, because you were named after the son she lost and everyone said how much you looked like him and all. So, I guess, to be honest, I really resented her a lot and—

George: I'm sorry.

Ellen: That's okay, it wasn't your fault. George: Can we talk about Aunt Mimi for a minute?

Ellen: Sure.

George: How could she leave Uncle Stanley for that jerk Louis after 35 years of marriage? I mean, if she really hated Uncle Stanley like she said, why did she wait so long for a divorce?

Ellen: She said she was waiting for the children to die.

aren to die.

George: I think she's senile.

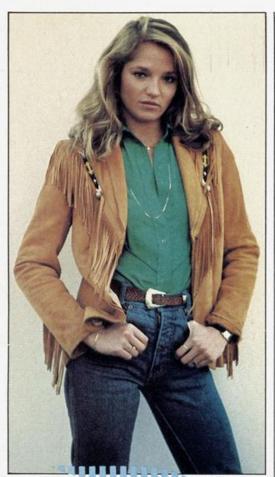
Ellen: So do I.

George: Remember the time I dared you to call Daddy a dirty name to his face? You turned around and called him a "fuckaroo" and then when he started spanking you you began screaming, "Buckaroo, I said buckaroo, I swear."

Ellen: Of course I remember, I'll never forget it. I was getting beat and you were standing in front of me laughing like crazy. In fact, you actually had a bowel movement in your pants, if I remember correctly. George: That's right. Ellen, one last question. Did it bother you very much when Mommy and Daddy told you that you were adopted?

Ellen: Whaat!!

Next month George interviews second cousin Caspar Weinberger.



Ellen Barkin: "Grandma always liked you better."

DOG STORY

Editor:

Remember me? I was the fourth-place winner in your photo contest of 1978. I thought you'd appreciate this shot of my dog Honey. Some dogs are used by the authorities to sniff and destroy, but my pal shows here he is truly one of man's best friends.

—Bob Smith



CORRECTION

In the March '82 issue of HIGH TIMES, the cocaine photos on the cover and on page 64 should have been credited to *The Cocaine Handbook* by David Lee, published by And/Or Press.



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COMRADE FROM KABUL

Editor:

I am a Soviet soldier stationed in Afghanistan. I came across a copy of your fine publication one day last week while raping and pillaging in and around the Kabul area and thought you might enjoy a photograph of the excellent hashish they produce in this country. To get this particular block of hashish all I had to do was promise a local peasant that I wouldn't kill his goat and burn down his hut with his family inside. But after he handed the hashish to me I went ahead and did these things to him any way-so actually I got the hashish for free! The only thing you can get for free in El Salvador is coffee beans. I think we are burying you.

> Alyosha Khokhlakov Kabul, Afghanistan





INTRODUCING BOCKRISAURUS

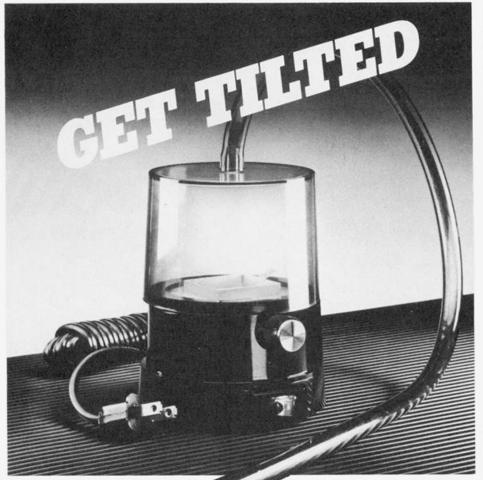
Punk rock preppie Victor Bockris, who wrote this month's "Negative Girl," is the internationally acclaimed author of Making Tracks: The Rise of Blondie (in collaboration with Debbie Harry and Chris Stein) and With William Burroughs: A Report from the Bunker. "Negative Girl" is his portrait of the girls who ride the new wave. Asked what attracted him to them most, Bockris replied, "That leftover feeling," in between taking a piss in the girl's room at the Mudd Club, his favorite Manhattan night spot.

Bockris numbers among his friends Cleopatra, Desdemona and the notorious Carlotta Smith, who will be making her appearance in his upcoming Bad Sex. An instructor at New York's innovative New School, where he is responsible for the unique Suckface 101 and Advanced Suckface 54 courses, Bockris appears regularly on "Glenn O'Brien's T.V. Party," a New York cable show, and is also working with the BBC on a film of Making Tracks.





Otis Brown



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INFORMATION PLEASE

Editor:

As one who's seen firsthand the inside of the baloney machine commonly called a broadcast news department, Abbie Hoffman's Us vs. Them. [HIGH TIMES, Feb. '82] rang in my head as truthful as anything on broadcasting I've read in a national magazine in years.

However, there is one bit of information which would serve as a slight supplement to Abbie's piece, and that's listening to foreign radio broadcasts on shortwave or, depending on the area of the country you live in, on any standard AM radio.

In shortwave terms, almost every single major world broadcaster sends highpowered transmissions to the United States: the BBC, CBC, Australian Broadcasting Commission and Radio Nederland are among Washington's "allies," and Radio Habana Cuba, Radio Moscow and Radio Peking broadcast for the other side of the Curtain. All of them have their transmission schedules printed in the World Radio-TV Handbook, which most libraries have or have access to. This way, one can hear exactly what the Russians are saying before Dan Rather translates from English to Amerikan.

As for the AM listeners, the CBC has several 50,000-watt stations in English and French which are easily picked up in the Northern third of the United States, which, although not too horribly different from the U.S. networks, sometimes provide a lot of different perspectives on major stories in their news broadcasts. The English stations most likely to be received are CBX Edmonton (740), CBU Vancouver (690), CBW Winnipeg (990), CBA Moncton (1070), CBO Ottawa (920), CBL Toronto (740), CBE Windsor (1550), CBM Montreal (940) and CBK Regina (540). The French stations are CHFA Edmonton (680), CBOF Ottawa (1250), CJBC Toronto (860), CBEF Windsor (540) and CBF Montreal (690).

At the other end of the country, Castro has this 150,000-watt blowtorch on 590, call letters being CMW Havana, and another on 600, CMKV Holquin. On one or the other, and sometimes both, the English-language broadcasts of Radio Moscow and Radio Habana Cuba's shortwave services are repeated.

Although as prone to horseshit as the New York brand of radio news, these other outlets serve as nice alternatives to Frank Reynolds. And I assume that any regular reader of HIGH TIMES would know enough by themselves which stories are barnyard and which are pine forest.

- Dave Saint-Germain Kimberly, Wis.



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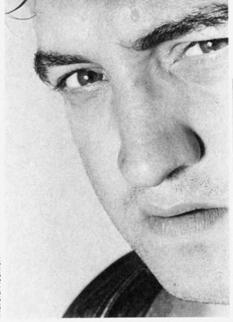
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Belushis₂



Dream (Control of the Control of the



Belushi was a man who loved grass best. It's too bad he got sidetracked by other substances.

L et me tell you about two strange encounters the Connoisseur had with the late great John Belushi. And something about a dream he had that hasn't appeared in the pious postmortems.

The first meeting was a riotous evening financed by HIGH TIMES. The magazine was putting Hunter Thompson up at a weird but hip hotel in lower Manhattan for a HIGH TIMES interview. Thompson had made several demands as conditions for doing the interview, one of which was that HIGH TIMES use its influence to make the best drugs in the Western Hemisphere available to abet the interviewing process, not just for Thompson but for a couple of his friends. The friends turned out to be Belushi and Aykroyd and the interviewing process turned into a three-day intensive party which shifted back and forth from hotel room to various restaurants around town.

In the course of the interview it became apparent that Belushi was quite the aficionado of grass. Although other substances were consumed, although Belushi would occasionally disappear into a restaurant men's room and return in a chemically altered state, although my memory of all the discussions that evening (including an intense three hours of watching a pro basketball playoff that resulted in certain items of furniture being set ablaze in the poorly ventilated hotel room fireplace) is definitely impaired, I do recall smoking a lot of good grass with Belushi and getting the impression he was extremely knowledgeable about the subject. Almost as knowledgeable as the Connoisseur himself.

The next time I saw him I was emerging from the HIGH TIMES office and he was heading up Park Avenue in a cab. When he saw me he got the driver to screech to a halt, tying up traffic. He told me to climb into the cab and produced a joint of something he called Humboldt County purple, which we proceeded to smoke on a long, stalled crawl through rush hour traffic.

Well, it was rush hour inside the cab after that. Humboldt thunderbolt got burning. We had a long discussion about the virtues of California purples as opposed to Hawaiian purples. We reminisced about great grass experiences of the past, and I could tell that Belushi approached smoke with the same wonder, delight and sense of discrimination as the Connoisseur. He didn't talk about grass with that stereotyped Bluto-like, let's-getwrecked attitude, but with a sense of the subtleties and distinctions among the highs that marks connoisseur consciousness.

And so, feeling I had a kindred spirit, I revealed to him my secret identity as "R.," the HIGH TIMES Connoisseur, and got from him the kind of surprise and awe I get from most of my devoted fans out there.

"So you're'R.,'" Belushi said.
"I read your column all the time. What have you got to smoke?"

I just happened to have some continued on page 18

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CONNOISSEUR

continued from page 16

very special Punta Roja rolled up. Genuine primo redbud, rich and ripe, heady, dreamy stuff. As the traffic got thicker and we got higher, Belushi started to tell me about his dream movie. It would be about the whole outlaw marijuana culture that changed the consciousness of America. Belushi was fascinated by the mysterious workings of grower-smuggler networks, the anonymous heroics of underground grass superstars, the ones who moved whole mountains of marijuana on air, land and sea to fill the eager bongs of America.

Belushi wanted to give these daring captains courageous of consciousness the credit they deserved, he told me. He wanted to star in a major marijuana movie to be called "Kingpin." He wanted to play the title role.

In some ways this movie might have turned out to be Belushi's tribute to people who made his meteoric rise to High Priest of a generation's Saturday nights possible. Because if it had not been for those merchants and medicine men who made marijuana a Saturday night rite, the kind of carnabis-tinged comedy the Not Ready For Prime Time Players specialized in would not have become the powerful cultural phenomenon it was, and Belushi would have been just another struggling bit player in a suburban improv troupe.

But I sensed the movie idea was more than a tip of the hat to the people who helped him on the way up. It was a tribute to the pure pleasure he got from smoking grass. Say what you will about his alleged indulgence in coke and other chemicals. This was a man who loved grass best. He told me so that afternoon during our taxicab séance on the subject. It's too bad, in retrospect, he got sidetracked by other substances. People smart enough to stick with good ol' grass and not get heavily involved with white powders seldom OD on their pleasures.

Belushi's dream: that, too, kept getting sidetracked by certain other turkeylike projects that were "safer" by Hollywood standards and so Belushi died without getting to make the movie that might have been his greatest. Imagine camera-trekking through the upland Colombian forests and coming into a clearing, where ensconced in the total luxury and decadence and bliss that only a powerful combination of strong marijuana and much money can create, the Kingpin reigns over his vast marijuana growing lands and the fleets of planes and boats of tea-toking titans that brought him to that eminence, the many mansions in Florida and Hawaii he inhabits, the final global struggle with the straitlaced forces of repression. A global Animal House, if you

In fact, the most fitting tribute our culture could pay to Belushi would be to finally make that grand grass movie the right way and make his dream come true.

SCANDALS, BUSTS, AND DEEDS OF DERRING-DO

★ FINAL ★

HIGHWITNESS NEWS

LATEST DOPE PRICES

> May '82 No. 81

THE RIP VAN WINKLE' CASE

VIRGINIA MAN GIVEN 40-YEAR NAP FOR SALE OF NINE OUNCES

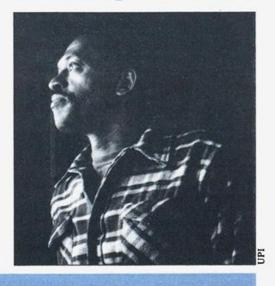
ROANOKE, VIRGINIA

new hit tune by the Supremes and it's a real chart-buster. In fact, it just knocked about 40 years off the life chart of one Roger Trenton Davis, 36, a Virginia black man whose ultrasevere 40-year sentence was the result of being busted for grass in the same rural racist county where he dated and eventually married a farmer's blonde daughter. The Supremes, in case you were wondering, aren't the zaftig ebony beauties who gave us "Baby Love" and "I Hear a Symphony" but what a shocked press and legal profession now call the nine jurists who perch so haughtily upon the leather rocking chairs of the Supreme Court, the same

nine who upheld Davis's outrageous sentence. It is a nickname spoken often in tones of undiluted contempt.

Davis, once the rebel hero of a village underground scene in the shaky, flaky '60s, is a man nearing 40 and still poised to endure a Rip Van Winkle-length bid for a crime that last year received an average 31/2-year sentence in the United States. In a game of legalistic catch-and-toss with a human life, three times federal court judges have called his sentence "cruel and unusual punishment" and overruled the state judge who imposed it in 1974. Perhaps troubled by his conscience, the original prosecutor in the case has said the sentence is too harsh. The maximum sentence for second-degree murder in Virginia is 20 years.

But the Supremes, imbued with a sense of justice and fair play, supported the sentence and rebuffed the U.S. Court continued on page 26



REHNQUIST'S KNOCKOUT DROPS: IS JUSTICE STONED BLIND?

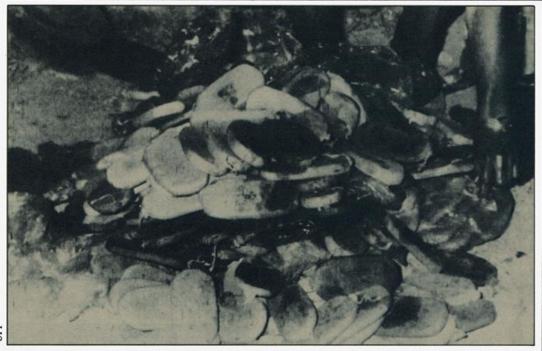


W A S H I N G T O N, D. C

HE QUESTION REALLY ISN'T WHETHER HEAVY TRANquilizers like Placidyl, with tremendous addiction and deliriant liabilities, should be prescribed by doctors, an irritated neurosurgeon aptly pointed out in last January 22's Science magazine; "it is whether Supreme Court justices should be taking them."

Supreme Court justice William Rehnquist's trank habit had been the source of Washington gossip and speculation even before he cast the crucial vote in *Hutto* v. *Davis* last December (see article at left), sentencing a Virginia man to the equivalent of life imprisonment for the crime of possessing a personal stash of marijuana in the same redneck town where white women went to bed with him. *Hutto* v. *Davis*, besides absolutely trashing the concept of forbidding cruel and unusual punishcontinued on page 25

HIGHWITNESS NEWS



Among the casualties of Mideast war are these slabs of hashish that washed up on the shore of the south Lebanese port of Tyre.

LEBANON HASH TRADE BOOMS IN FREE-FIRE ZONE

Unofficial but widely confirmed reports indicate that 1981 was a record year for Lebanon's hashish farmers and smugglers. Production is conservatively estimated to have totaled 8,000 to 10,000 tons, a spectacular increase from the 2,000 tons produced in 1980. One high-ranking Lebanese government official believes that as much as 30 percent of Lebanon's foreign currency earn-

ings are related to hashish exports.

Obviously, nobody is certain how big the crop was, but members of the ten biggest farming families who met with buyers at the Palmyra Hotel in Baalbek, Lebanon, claimed it was their best year in decades. They cited bigger fields, less interference from Lebanese police and government officials, and increased security from Syrian army

troops as factors to increased production.

Of course since the occupation last spring of Lebanon's Bekaa Valley by the Syrian army, the presence of Lebanese police or army personnel has not been possible, since the Syrians are at war with the Lebanese.

The major hashish families have also hired private armies to protect their fields: One family is said to own two tanks, while another near the northern mountain town of Hermil employs a renegade Christian guerrilla group armed by Syria and led by Suleiman Franjieh, Lebanon's former president.

While the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration touts success in curtailing production, both Lebanese government officials and hashish dealers claim otherwise. Two years ago, farmers tried to increase their profits by growing opium in addition to hashish, but the fields were burned by the Lebanese police. Supposedly, the United States threatened to curtail economic assistance unless Lebanon's government destroyed the opium crop. Since that time, there have been no

threats or interference by the U.S. government, according to leading Lebanese government officials.

Lebanon's hashish dealers boast they regularly move at one time shipments of several hundred tons from the Syrian-occupied Bekaa Valley to ocean-going freighters at Beirut or Jounieh, Lebanon's two major seaports. The dealers claim that unofficial taxes paid to intermediaries for high-ranking Syrian officials insure unimpeded movement to the coastal ports where similar taxes are paid to Christian Lebanese militia.

The only problem stems from a dispute regarding tax collection between Col. Mohammed Ghanem, chief of Syrian Intelligence in the Bekaa Valley, and Ali Haidar, chief of Syria's Defense Brigades (Sanay Al Difaa) in Lebanon. Otherwise, the situation is copacetic along the Roman-built road to the temples of the Heliopolitan Triad. The farmers extended their fields further south than ever before-from Hermil in the northern mountains to Deir Zeinoun, south of Baalbek, a 70-mile strip along the foothills of Mount Lebanon, now occupied by Soviet-supplied Syrian SAM-6 missiles. BM21 and BM22 Soviet 122mm rockets, and various Soviet-supplied heavy artillery guns including 122mm Type-D0, and long-range 152mm.

One thing is certain. Lebanon's endless war, coupled with Syrian occupation, bombing raids by the Israeli air force and ongoing feuds between the 80 or more paramilitary and guerrilla groups, has virtually eliminated all Western hashish smugglers and U.S. narcotics agents. Only small-time dealers who remain in Beirut are mentioned by Lebanese dealers. Several farmers, who asked to remain anonymous, said they had not seen or heard of any Western buyers during 1981. Instead, most buyers are Lebanese, while a few are Syrians or Egyptians. "They are well dressed and they know what they are looking for," said a farmer who claimed to have harvested several hundred acres. "They just rub their fingers on the plants and smell their hands," he said. Supposedly, the buyers do not carry money or guns. "They laugh and are friendly." said another



Standing downwind from the fragrant fumes of burning hashish are these soldiers and children of the National Movement (leftist forces). We thought Arabs knew how to roll joints.

farmer, "but they are very dangerous.'

Business procedures have also changed. Formerly, buyers deposited checks directly to accounts at Arab banks in Beirut, the traditional financial capital of the Middle East. But now the big farming families are taking payment in Tunisia or the United Arab Emirates and then transferring the funds through corporate accounts to Lebanon.

While Lebanon's war captures headlines, destroys large sections of the countryside and creates hundreds of thousands of refugees, smartly dressed gangsters cruise Beirut's highways in new \$40,000 Mercedes Benz automobiles and live in milliondollar penthouse apartments. Most of the buyers and smugglers conduct business at the Palmyra Hotel, the old coach house in Baalbek, with balconies overlooking the six magnificent fluted columns of the Temple of Jupiter. The young hotel owner prefers not to discuss his affluent guests, but openly approves of the indirect revenues from the hashish trade. "There was a time not long ago," he says, "when you could not travel up to Hermil for fear of being robbed or stopped by gun-men. But now it is safe, because all the farmers have money and the bandits now work for them.

CAPITOL JESTS:

ADMINISTRATION DECLARES WAR ON DRUG-LAW ENFORCEMENT

by Mark Swain

WASHINGTON, D.C.

THE RIDICULOUS SPOOF story in last February's "Seeds 'n' Stems" section of HIGH TIMES—titled "New Right Goes Pro-Dope: Con-servative Honchos Demand Bite of Narco Trade"—may not have been so almighty ridiculous after all. Thoughtful law-enforcement people all over this town have been openly and vocally scandalized over the way the Reagan administration and its New Right phalange in Congress have positively decimated law-enforcement capabilities of combating traffic in any sort of expensive addictive substance, from heroin to plain alcohol and nicotine.

When it comes to marijuana, of course, the new Republican-controlled Senate is fierce enough. The wonderful and novel Subcommittee on Security and Terrorismheaded by New Right firebrands Jeremiah (sic) Denton (R.-Alabama) and Orrin Hatch (R.-Utah)—have spent nearly a year finagling to get a hyped-up version of the DEA's ultracrucial Model Drug Paraphernalia Act onto the Senate floor. And the Permanent Investigations Subcommittee has almost exclusively concerned itself with the terrible international weed traffic, ever since Sen. Sam Nunn (D.-Georgia)who was the terror of organized smack and coke mobs while he was ranking majority leader of the committee-was demoted to the minority slot by the Reagan Renaissance. The Investigations solons since then have spoken of nothing but reefer when it comes to dangerous drugs, in flashy, headlinegrabbing pot hearings. "It's pap," a Senate staffer disgustedly conceded to the Narcotics Control Digest (a very superior narc trade journal which is highly recommend-ed to anyone with any interest at all in illicit substances).

Meanwhile, behind the screen of reefer smoke, the Drug Enforcement Administration's budget for its overseas bureaus-the only people who keep all that pure brown Paki smoking-grade heroin from spilling out of Europe into the USA-has been sliced in a way that, to quote Alexander Pope, leaves it simply "too much circum-cis'd." And once all that terrific smack gets here, what then? Norman A. Carlson,

director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons, just lost more than half his "halfway houses," with their excellent drugeducation-and-prevention programs, to David Stock-

man's budget ax.

Stockman's junkyard-dog greedonomics fanatics themselves were reportedly stunned, though, when the administration abruptly resolved last year to put the entire Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms to sleep forever. BATF for the last few years had been bragging amain about their stunning effectiveness against gunrunners and untaxed-cigarette smugglers. Then comes the historic Reagan Renaissance, largely engineered by lawyers such as Sen. Jesse Helms (R.-North Carolina), whose clients include multibillion-dollar tobacco enterprises, the National Rifle Association, and so on. And now suddenly the administration can perceive "little evidence that large-scale cigarette smuggling exists" or that there's anything morally wrong with gunrunning. So it's requiescat in pace for the feisty old BATF, serving the nation faithfully since the days of Prohibition.

Currently Stockman's assuring the GOP Senate that Philadelphia really doesn't need its expensive federal-lo-cal special narcotics task force, and neither do 15 other U.S. cities. He's probably correct, in a sense. The law-enforcement community hardly needs a hell of a lot of expert-ise and coordination, if it's henceforth to leave the Mafia alone and concentrate its attentions exclusively on loony, wholly disorganized nickeland-dime marijuana runners.

FROM NARCS TO NIPPLES, **COURTESY OF TODAY'S FBI**

The Golden Eagle Tavern on 14th and I Street in D.C. didn't used to be a topless joint. Up till late last year, it was your typical dim-lit, white-collar cocktail lounge, where after work on weekdays you could generally find a good lot of leisure-suited Irish guys unwinding after a hard day over a few brews and some chummy cop-shop gossip, passing round the oc-casional copy of High Times and guffawing their heads

Then the Drug Enforcement Administration was effectively taken over by the Federal Bureau of Investigation last year, and the FBI let

on to the chaps in the DEA office here that this thing is just not done, law-enforcement officers lushing it up on public premises. Think what Nancy Reagan would say! Is this any proper example for the youth of America? And so on,

and so forth, nag, nag, nag. So suddenly the Golden Eagle lost a whole lot of customers, all at once. The till damn near went dry, it seems, until the owners finally put in a little stage and booked some plasticene hussies to jiggle their jugs around on it. And now this beautiful city has yet another high-class hootchy-cootchy stew, courtesy of Today's FBI.

Angeles has decided it's perfectly all right for the Drug Enforcement Administration to seize property it believes to be drug paraphernalia, even though there may be no law against manufacturing or possessing such "paraphernalia." What's more, the narcs need not produce a shred of evidence that even one item of the alleged contraband has ever been used in any connection with a con-

trolled substance.
The case concerns the DEA's confiscation of Thai-Power's stock of ISO-2 machines which the government says are manufactured and sold for the purpose of heightening the potency of marijuana. DEA agents and U.S. marshals seized the Vernon, California, firm's entire stock of the devices back in July of 1981 under the civil forfeiture provisions of the Controlled Substances Act. The relevant portion of that law allows the confiscation of anything and everything "used or intended for use, in manufacturing, compounding, processing, delivering, importing or exporting any controlled substances." The case is one of a few that comprise the skin of a DEA test balloon known as Operation Firebase.

To legitimize their raid on the Thai-Power warehouses,

OPERATION FIREBASE:

DEA WINS FIRST ROUND

by Bob LaBrasca

the federal agents had to come armed with two documents: a complaint written and signed by the same U.S. Attorney who would eventually prosecute the case, and a seizure warrant bearing the signature of a deputy clerk of the federal court. With that authority, they trucked away property worth, by the company's estimate, \$100,000 retail.

In a two-day trial in November before federal district judge Matthew Byrne, lawyers for Thai-Power argued that the government had violated the company's Fifth Amendment rights by seizing goods without "due process." They pointed out that, while the ISO-2 package con-

tained instructions on how to make hash oil and brew up ostensibly superpotent pot, it also carried directions for extracting essences from other herbs as well. It was unfair, they felt, for the DEA to call their property contraband and abscond with it, backed by nothing more than the signature of a deputy clerk.

For its evidence, the government produced an ISO-2 machine, purchased undercover by DEA agent June Miller, along with instruction manuals and advertising posters. Agent Miller testified that she had, in fact, purchased the machine. (Miller also said on the stand that one of her principal duties at the Los Angeles district office

was to "go through HIGH TIMES magazine." That, and other references to the magazine in the course of the trial, prompted Judge Byrne to order U.S. attorney James Stotter to either enter HIGH TIMES into evidence or cease bandying its name about, since he was personally unfamiliar with the publication. Although stacks of HIGH TIMES had lain prominently idle on both prosecution and defense tables throughout the proceeding, Stotter, for reasons he never stated, refused; and the magazine was not mentioned again.)

DEA forensic chemist Harry Skinner took the stand and explained how the ISO-2 extracted oil from marijuana, or other leafy herbs, and said it also, theoretically, could be used to convert delta-8 THC into the more psychoactively desirable delta-9 THC. He readily admitted, however, that qualified DEA chemists had been unable to accomplish the conversion with their ISO-2.

-Notably, the government presented no evidence that any purchaser of the machine had ever used it to process marijuana.

In a decision issued in December, Judge Byrne declared the seizure legally proper, stating flatly that all the ISO-2s, when accompanied by their instructions, were "intrinsically illegal in character." He noted specifically that the manual contained "over 70 references" to marijuana, its components and derivatives. All the accompanying written material on the machine's legal uses, he said, was "incidental when compared to the references to illegal uses." Byrne further ordered that the company pay \$5,493 in court costs.

There will be no appeal. Ac-

There will be no appeal. According to Matt Sultan, general manager of Thai-Power, the decision against appeal was made for business rather than legal reasons. The company is one of the giants in the "tobacco accessories" industry; it produces Glass Head bongs and a number of other products that function within the magical realm of tobacco accessories. To avoid further legal expenses, Sultan said, the firm will stop marketing the ISO-2 and concentrate on its other lines.

All of which the DEA should find encouraging. Although this was the third sei-

TEXAS UPDATE



HIGHWITNESS NEWS



zure in Operation Firebase, it was the first to come to judgment. DEA agents grabbed 650 "Kik" machines in Long Island City, New York, over a year ago, but the owner, City Container, made no effort to reclaim its property. A second case, also in spring of 1981, involved Select Industries in Walnut Creek, California, where a huge stock of alleged cocaine freebasing kits were taken. That case is still pending. So the Thai-Power decision is the first judicial validation of a tactic that, judging from the caution with which it has been pursued, even the U.S. Justice Department considers questionable.

Operation Firebase seems to be the DEA's way of writing its own national antiparaphernalia law without having to deal with the troublesome complexity of getting a bill through Congress. Such a bill has been proposed, but died in committee. It is highly improbable that the legislators who drafted the Controlled Substances Act of 1970 in-

tended it to be used to attack merchants in accessories, since there was no substantial "paraphernalia industry" when the law was written. Rather it was meant to allow drug agents to confiscate, in the course of busts, the various accoutrements traffickers had used to perpetrate their "drug crimes.

The civil forfeiture approach, however, if it withstands future legal tests, will provide a virtual free ride through the courts for the DEA and federal prosecutors: First, it allows them to confiscate whole inventories of goods, representing large investments on the part of the owners, with no more "due process" required than their own zealous conviction and the cooperation of a court clerk. Second, once they have carted off the loot, the legal burden of proof shifts to the owner of the alleged paraphernalia. The government need not prove that the extractors, pipes, mirrors, razor blades, alligator clips or whatever are paraphernalia; the owner must prove that they are not. Since the only thing that defines these multiple-use objects as contraband is an accompanying intent that somebody use them with drugs, the owner must prove he lacks that intent. And proving that one does not possess a particular state of mind can be a heavy burden indeed.

The ISO-2 case, having been decided at the lowest level of the federal court system, will have no binding effect on the outcomes of other Firebase cases. But for the DEA, it could be the impetus for a full-scale assault on the psyche-boutique industry.



DOPE TIGER SLAIN **BY SHERIFFS**

by Michael Dorgan

NE OF CALIFORNIA'S MORE exotic dope patch guards
—a 200-pound Bengal tiger has been gunned down by San Mateo sheriff's officers. The tiger, part of a guard team consisting of five tigers, one leopard and four big dogs, was killed in a hail of buckshot and bullets following four days on the prowl after being freed from its cage by a mudslide.

Last fall the tiger and its teammates became dope-circle celebrities when police found them guarding a patch of more than 500 prime marijuana plants on a San Gregorio property occupied by Gary Lee Butler and his wife Sherry. Though the tigers and leopard were caged at the

time, one of the dogs fulfilled its duty by taking a bite out of state narcotics agent Mitch Brown's leg.

The cops cut and burned the pot and busted Butler, but could do nothing about the exotic pets, which were legally licensed. So the vicious dogs and wild cats settled into a quiet domestic existence while waiting—perhaps—for another tour of guard duty.

Then came heavy rains and the mudslide that broke open the tiger's cage. For four days the young Bengal roamed free through the suburban jungles south of San Francisco. Then one morning, Jim Knyer, who lives about two miles from where the tiger escaped, spotted the beast trying to scale the fence of his dog kennel, apparently on its way to breakfast. Knyer shot and wounded the tiger, then called the Sheriff's Department, which dispatched two officers and a professional tracker to the scene.

The tracker trailed the wounded tiger to a barn, where Sgt. Irv Pronske crawled beneath the building to find himself practically nose to nose with the tiger. Seeing its tail twitch, and having been told that is a signal the blast is about to pounce, Pronske let loose six or seven blasts from his shotgun as a fellow officer blazed away with his revolver. End of tiger. End of story.

HAWKEYE RADAR JETS TO BLIP POT PLANES

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

ILOTS AT THE NAVAL AIR Station here recently completed a three-month training program in the radar detection of low-flying pot planes. The Navy's ultratech strato-soaring EC-2 Hawkeyes can supposedly pick out and track a twin-engine Beech, treetopping over the Florida Glades at 300 feet,

from six miles up in the sky. In fact, navy mouthpieces boast that they picked out two pot movers in the course of the exercise itself-a marimba-loaded helicopter, supposedly, and an even more romantically improbable WWII "flying fortress" B-25, stuffed to the rear-gunner turret with bales of Colombian fume.

It is not known if the navy's high-tech spy gear is also capable of determining whether the pot pilots they're allegedly bird-dogging in this way originally gained their aviation skills courtesy of the U.S. Defense Department. How many of those EC-2 Hawkeye jockeys may already be peddling their top-secret technical expertise to coke-mob bribe artists is a question upon which the navy has absolutely no official comment.

HIGHWITNESS NEWS



ARTIC TOKERS CALL ONE POUND LIMIT MUSH

PALMER, ALASKA

A LASKA GOVERNOR JAY Hammond stepped into a political minefield the moment he began issuing shrill calls for possession of more than a pound of pot to be categorized as a felony. Aware that 70 to 80 percent of Alaskans qualified as "users" by virtue of smoking at least one joint per month, Matanuska Valley growers and tokers took the lead in denouncing attempts to restrict their legal rights to possess sufficient marijuana for their own use. Although it is true that very few states would even consider making one pound

per person legal, the herb grown around here is known throughout "the greatland" as "Matanuska thunderfuck," and there must be something in the bush, considered by aficionados to be among "the best in this or any other galaxy," that makes its "users" so outspoken.

Kent Larsen of Wasilla, who said he had grown marijuana on a small scale for many a moon, testified at House Judiciary Committee hearings that he had never set aside enough to "get me through the year," for fear of



breaking the limit for personal possession.

al possession.
Wasilla lawyer Eric Jensen said the new laws should not make felons out of growers who harvest the substance for their own use.

And Don Shelp, who has publicly opposed Alaska's marijuana laws through an organization he founded called Cannabis Users United Defense Fund, estimated that 50 percent of the greenhouses in the Matanuska-Susitna area were used in part for cultivation of marijuana. He also maintained that some parents advised their kids to grow the plants to guard against purchasing

paraquat-contaminated weed. "Some people just grow it because they like the looks of the plant," said Shelp. "Old people, young people—they all grow it out here"

here."

He explained to the nonsmokers on the committee

smokers on the committee that both male and female plants were required for productive harvesting. The volume required for such an operation meant keeping on hand more than one pound. When an official asked how much was "needed" for personal use, Shelp said, "I can't say how much beer a person 'needs' any more than I can say how much pot a person 'needs' for his own use."

Alaska has the distinction of being the first state to legalize marijuana possession when, on May 27, 1975, the Alaska Supreme Court ruled police searches of homes possessing less than eight ounces of herb or persons possessing less than one ounce in public to be a violation of the constitutional right to privacy. A mere ten days earlier the Alaskan legislature passed a marijuana decriminalization bill providing for a maximum \$100 fine for possession of small quantities in private. For the many thousands of dopers residing on 10,000 square miles of interior Alaska, smoking grass, in effect, is legal.

But, with the Moral Majority in control of the state's Republican Party, smokers are on the alert for regressive legal trends.

STEPPING OUT FOR A DANISH

LUNCH BREAK HAS TAKEN new meaning for the Danish legal system after its runin with Canadian Thomas Stefanos Rocsiz.

On arrival at Copenhagen Kastrup Airport last November 1, Rocsiz, 31, was stopped with bags containing half a kilo of coke—in Denmark, classified right up there with

At a preliminary hearing he was held over for three weeks, with the first seven days to be spent in isolation. After a few days, the narcotics police felt that the case was serious enough to warrant an extension of the isolation period. So Rocsiz was again brought before the court.

Once the formalities had been dealt with, Thomas Rocsiz was put in an anteroom to await transportation back to the prison. Unfortunately, no one had told the prosecutor that he had to push a red button to give the "ready with prisoner" signal to the prison personnel. So, when court

broke for lunch, all doors were closed and locked, with no one giving Rocsiz a second thought.

After some time, the silence must have become too much for Rocsiz, and he obviously opened the door to the courtroom and found it completely empty. Although the doors throughout the building were locked to outsiders, it is a simple matter for some one inside to turn the knobs on the automatic locks. It's then a short walk down some steps into the freedom of the busy sidestreets.

Said a spokesman for the Copenhagen narcotics police, "We regret this kind of mistake, but we'll get him again."

So far, they haven't. But then, maybe everyone is still out to lunch.

REHNOUIST FEELS NO PAIN

continued from page 19

ment-"the complete abdication of our responsibility to enforce the Eighth Amendment," recognized Justice William Brennan in his melancholy dissent—also establishes a permanent catch-22 abolishing any further debate on the issue. Hideous sentences like Hutto's can no longer be appealed at all, the Burger-Rehnquist bench made clear. Appeals courts. henceforth must deny hearing challenges against arbitrary prison sentences which may be set by state legislatures for minor violations, "no matter how misguided the judges of those courts may think it to be.'

While he was listening to this and numerous other critical issues on the nation's top bench, Justice Rehnquist was very frequently unable to pronounce long technical words with multiple syllables in them. His speech was described as "halting and slurred" by the New York Times, and the main speculation revolved around whether he was strung out behind mere Valium or something heavier.

It was something considerably heavier-Placidyl, a powerful short-acting hypnotic sedative—the Times determined around last New Year's Day from physicians at George Washington Uni-versity Hospital, where Rehnquist had spent Christmas recess in a detox ward.

Rehnquist, it turns out, has for years suffered from "degenerative lumbar disc disease," afflicting him with se-vere lower back pain which comes and goes at frequent intervals. Doctors commonly prescribe drugs like Placidyl for such conditions, warning patients to take them only when the pain gets intolerable, and to refrain from driving or operating heavy ma-chinery behind them. Rehnquist, from the looks of it, was (and may still be) operating the highest court in the land behind Placidyl or something very like it.

Placidyl is ethchlorovynol, a tertiary acetylenic alcoholic supersedative closely related to chloral hydrate, the famous "knockout drops" in the classic Mickey Finn. It

confers a profound two-hour trank high, during which the patient's back muscles are profoundly relaxed, which helps back pain considerably. The high, however, clouds perception and inhibits coordination even of lip and drawal dependably prompts, five days or more after the last dose, a sudden syndrome which may be difficult to distinguish from delirium tremens associated with convulsions.

In fact, during his detox, Rehnquist sustained "disturbances in mental clarity" and "distortions" of perception, concedes Dr. Dennis O'Leary

During his detox Justice Rehnquist sustained "disturbances in mental clarity" and "distortions" of perception.

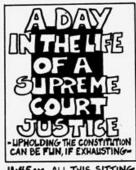
tongue muscles; and it passes off very quickly, which gives the drug an "abuse potential" considerably higher than morphine itself, which lasts much longer and ebbs much more gradually.

Placidyl's makers, Abbott Laboratories, urge doctors not to furnish it continuously to patients for longer than one week at a stretch, with a week's abstinence in between, lest tolerance and addiction set in. Addiction to ethchlorovynol is particularly hazardous, points out The Pharmacological Basis of Therapeutics, since its withthere. O'Leary also conceded that the justice had been on the drug for "at least two weeks"—was definitely addicted to it, that is-but the exact length of his daily use of the drug is unknown. In any event, observers agreed at the beginning of the 1982 court term, that Rehnquist appeared to be sharp as a tack again, asking all the proper questions in crisp, clear diction, and wisecracking as usual with attorneys and court flunkies. He was at the time, Science discloses, on "a sort of maintenance therapy" involving some "mystery sedative."

How long Rehnquist may have gone on hearing Supreme Court arguments and making Supreme Court decisions behind this "mystery sedative" is unknown. The fact is, in many of the states from which such cases rise to the high court, laws specifically prohibit people from testifying in court under the influence of any psychotropic medication whatsoever. This has a catch-22 all its own: Many schizophrenic defendants, who could give perfectly sane, lucid testimony behind Thorazine, are absolutely unable to function without it, and thus rot in mental wards for years of "pretrial" detention, unable to go to trial at all without proper medication.

This courtroom ban on "psychotropics" like Thorazine might well be appealed someday on constitutional claims to equal protection. Schizophrenia, like diabetes, is a chronic, physically based disorder; therefore it's just as arbitrary to withhold anti-psychotic drugs from psychotics in court as to withhold insulin from diabetics. If this ever got to the Supreme Court, Rehnquist, to go from his lifelong record, would be likeliest to decide against the schizophrenics. Behind what sort of mind-bending drug that decision might be made, no one can say.

JORGY



8:10 AM - COFFEE AND WAKE-UP TIME! OOPS, THERE'S THAT NASTY BACKACHE_BETTER TAKE A FEW PAIN PILLS...



10:30am-have Aide Read Day's Caseload Aloud-concentrate Detyer with Eyes Closed...



11:45am- ALL THIS SITTING IS TOLIGH ON THE BACK-TAKE MORE PILLS...







40 YEARS FOR 9 OUNCES

continued from page 19 of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit, the most recent federal court to rule in Davis's favor. It was their contention that the appellate court had "ignored" mandates that federal courts not interfere with sentences handed out under state law-a legal precedent that "must be followed by the lower federal courts no matter how misguided the judges of those courts may think it to be," the Supreme Court said. In effect, dear reader, this means that there is not much left prohibiting "cruel and un-usual punishment." The state courts can do virtually whatever they want. Whether the Supremes will review their decision if and when yahoo jurists start putting pot-smokers in the stocks or order them flogged 150 times with a cat-o'-nine-tails was a question left unresolved.

In a dissenting opinion, Justice William J. Brennan, Jr. wrote, "Unfortunately, it is Roger Trenton Davis who must now suffer the pains of the Court's insensitivity..."

Davis, a former civil-rights worker who had a cross burned on his lawn after he started dating a white girl, was raised in Wytheville, population 3,000, a Moral Majority sort of town which didn't look kindly upon a young black man breaking a primary social taboo. Davis was convicted of the marijuana offense in Wythe County Circuit Court, the same court where 21 years earlier another judge sentenced the white man who killed Davis's father in a traffic accident to a \$150 fine and a 90-day suspended sentence. When Davis was tried in the southwestern Virginia community, liquor by the drink was still illegal and the local newspaper editor was writing: "The use of mari-juana by young Americans is of tremendous help to the Communists.'

The basic issue—according to Davis, his present Charlottesville attorney, Ted Hogshire, and officials of the American Civil Liberties Union, which has paid trial expenses—was not marijuana but miscegenation, the mixing of the races through marriage.

Davis was a phenomenon

of the '60s, one of hundreds of thousands of young people who manifested freedom during the tear-up-your-draftcard, Nehru-jacketed, electric-guitar-and-hashish scene that marked the turbulence ter in Richmond, doing his stretch on the acid rap and a few months on the pot "crime." Then in May 1977, U.S. district court judge James C. Turk ruled that Davis's 40-year marijuana sentence was "cruel and unusual," in violation of the Eighth Amendment. After leaving prison, Roger Davis

The basic issue was not marijuana but miscegenation, the mixing of the races through marriage.

of that era. As a black man testing the waters of a newfound freedom, he appeared precisely at the time when the drug revolution was hitting Wythe County. The local burgermeisters became quite uptight at the sight and sound of kids dancing, doing acid basically cutting and through the stale social reality of their backwater haven. Said Davis, "I was about freedom, good times, a lot of friends, into everything everybody else was into. I don't anybody hardly think thought about the future.'

"Roger Davis became a kind of local legend—a black hippie leader with the charm of a Pied Piper," Wythe County drug counselor Nancy Davis (no relation) wrote to then governor Mills E. Godwin, a former segregationist and architect of Virginia's policy of "massive resistance" to school desegregation, when she organized a pardon petition for Davis.

But when a plague of dope busts descended upon Wythe County beginning in January 1973, the good times came to an abrupt end. Davis took two tumbles, once for selling four tabs of LSD and once on the pot charge. In the interim between his first bust and the first afternoon of his trial in March 1974, the Southwest Virginia Enterprise, the local biweekly paper, ran at least 55 front-page or page-two dope-scare stories. Sixteen of these enlightening tales were about the exploits of Roger Davis.

He spent three years at Powhatan Correctional Cenmoved with his wife to Roanoke and got a job as a counselor at a youth center, Total Action Against Poverty.

But the Virginia authorities didn't give up. They appealed Turk's ruling and in November 1978 a three-judge panel of the fourth-circuit court of appeal overturned his decision. In July 1978 the full fourth circuit reversed that ruling. In April 1980 the Supreme Court remanded the case back to the fourth circuit. The appeals court reaffirmed its earlier decision.

The state, not to be outgunned, appealed again, out of which arose the January 1982 Supreme Court decision.

A diligent attorney, Hogshire says he will ask Virginia's new governor, Charles S. Robb, to grant Davis a conditional pardon. His predecessor, John N. Dalton, granted three conditional pardons to others after signing into law less strict marijuana statutes in 1979.

Meanwhile, Roger Davis waits. "You don't send a person to jail to be rehabilitated." he says. "Everybody there is a criminal. You go there and you're in with murderers, rapists, thieves ... what is there to talk about but murders and rapes and things people got away with. The guards are undereducated; they are there to get their checks and make sure you don't escape. You're sleeping beside someone, and it's obvious he's a nut, and you think, 'Am I supposed to be here beside this fool?

"I'm trying to find a way out, looking for people to help me, anybody really, anybody that knows it's wrong, thinks it's wrong, has some compassion. I know in my heart I haven't done anything wrong. When I get out, I'll be old. My life will be over."

NARCS SEEK SMACK, LOSE \$20,000

EALOUS METRO NARCOTICS Lofficers, after a daring midnight raid on a Seaton Place residence here in 1978, wound up stinging the city budget for \$20,000. The warrant had alleged that there might be heroin and heroin cut gear in the house at 211 Seaton, but the narcs, in their impetuous haste to execute justice on the narcotics perpetrators involved, broke down the door of 203 Seaton. The small children on the premises were herded into the kitchen while some of the ten narcs trashed the whole house, room by room, and others made the mom and dad strip before them at shotgun point so they could be searched

with satisfying intimacy.

This was worth \$20G to the terrorized family, a D.C. Superior Court jury ultimately resolved. Somebody should have stipulated that the cash come out of the D.C. Metro buy-money bin, which has been pretty flush ever since last summer, when the narcs began peddling vanilla-sprayed oregano joints to sidewalk buyers, trying to impeach the reputation of D.C. street weed. The project hasn't perceptibly affected D.C. street dealing in any way, shape or form—but at \$5 to \$10 per bogus spliff, the narcs have undoubtedly pulled in at least \$20G by



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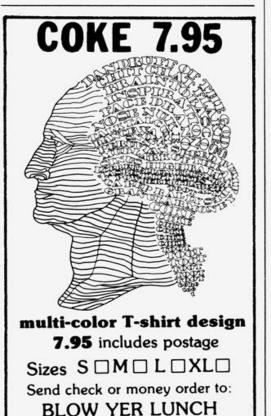
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BREWSTER, MA

THE YELLOW BUDS OF TEXAS

by Bud Bogart

Not so long ago the Lone Star State had a reputation as the baddest state of them all—so fearsome that marijuana pilots routinely flew thousands of miles out of their way to avoid detection by the dreaded El Paso Intelligence Center radar. Those who took a fall in Texas resigned themselves to growing old along with the century cactus that aged in the desert. But that's all in the past now, say the pro smugglers. Texas is the hottest scene since Florida.

TRANS-HIGH MARKET ANALYSIS

Explanation is, say these same pros, big money and liberal politics, just like California and New York, beloved by smugglers for their short jail time on dope counts. Now Texas, with its petrobillions and New World flavor in towns like Austin, Houston (where a '70s movementoid just became mayor) and San Antonio, is slowly going through the changes that the rich, liberal nerve centers like New York and San Francisco have already endured.

The smugglers love it. For one thing, the old trading centers of South Florida got too busy, too many mouths to feed—politicians, judges, port-authority officials and others with their hands out. Texas is still mellow that way.

More importantly is the quality of pot

HOW TO CHEAT ON COLLEGE TESTS WITHOUT GETTING CAUGHT



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80% of his tests and received no grade lower than a "8" with the majority of grades being "A's". But the best part of all these methods is that seen method was created with the risk of getting caught in mind, and sech method was designed to eliminate that possibility. The author graduated from college with a "8" average and no professor has ever suspected him of cheeting on a test. Both the grades you will receive and the time saved studying is well-worth every pensy the book will cost you. If you wish to receive high grades without spending hour upon hour studying every night, send \$4.95 plus \$1.25 poetage and handling for your copy today. Send check or money order to the Generation, Dept. NI., P.O. Box G303051. Las Otas Bhvd., Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33303. Book will be sent in a plain envelope. coming out of Mexico. For some years American growers, and some westernized locals, have been applying high-tech growing technique to the usual mañana mentality that typifies the Mexican growing scene. The results have been phenomenal: sinses with arm-long buds, golden Acapulco with breeding seeds big as peas, colas so strong they're peddled by U.S. street sleazies as Thai hybrids.

Not to be forgotten either is the relative ease of smuggling from Mexico to the United States. The Colombia connection required a pilot or sailor at least, but Mexico is wide open to four-wheel-drives, horsemen and even backpackers. Independents are once again being heard from as small-fry jump in on the gold rush.

Said one veteran contrabandisto, "The Colombian connection is going to sleep for a while. There's too many people and not enough money. You can make just as much on the Mexican market, so why bother?"

With all this activity beneath its border, and the new liberal era on the frontier, Texas has become the new pot exchange of the South, her long coastline penetrated at night by pot-laden trawlers, the Rio Grande regularly forded by cannabis caravans.

So far the local pols—like all pols, deliberately stupid until the time comes to be smart—have ignored the burgeoning trade, perhaps on the take. But even when the alarm is sounded—and it surely will be—it will be an easy move to the wide open spaces of New Mexico and Arizona, old smuggling turf and as easy as Texas when it comes to beating the border.

Thai and Thai again: What's all this bull-shit about "MexiThai?" That's what consumers who have encountered the ersatz Thai making the rounds have been asking. The bogus boo is grown in an area that supposedly has soil and humidity conditions approximating Thailand; it's grown from Thai seeds and is so good a counterfeit that even seasoned veterans can't tell the difference.

What's so intriguing about the rumor that much Thai now making the rounds is actually of Mexican origin is that if they're true, there's no way to tell if you have the phony stuff or the real thing. One dealer who saw some swears the stuff he saw actually was Thai, for some reason posing as MexiThai. Figure that one out. We continue to research the story.

HIGH TIMES welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THMQ is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity, or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope.

BELGIUM BELGIUM BELGIUM CAVIATE DE CAVIATE DE LA CAVIAT

- 4											4
	BELGIUM			Ш	LALLA			LSD	caviar balls,	one	2-4
'Mersh 'lombo	rare but good	gm	5	Bolivian &	direct import,	gm	75-100	Cocaine	target blotter prices creeping up	100	150-300 85-140
Congo Pot	low grade	kg gm	1000	Brazilian coke Methaqualone	potent buy from	one	.50	Cocamie	prices creeping up	1/4	325-360
Belgium bonzo	and the second second second	kg	900		pharmacy			Methaqualone	home-brewed	one	2100-27 4-6
homegrown	hardly smokeable	oz	50					The state of the s		100	300-500
Leb hash	snore	gm kg	5 3500	ME BUT THE	SAUDI ARAB	IA		Crosses and black beauts	erratic	100	25-200
Morocean	decent	gm	6	Black Kashmir hash	one of the world's great hashes	gm	20 250	Amphetamines	crystally, potent	gm	125
hash Black Nepalese	watch for canards	kg gm	4000 6	Nepalese hash	fingers only	oz gm	15-20	41. 1.			
hash		kg	4000	Pakistan hash	fresh, pressed	oz gm	225-250 10-15	Alaska Commercial	J		FO 0F
Black Afghani	King Kong hash	gm kg	12 8000-9000		And the second second	oz	175-200	Colombian	dry & harsh	oz lb	50-65 550-650
Opium LSD	fresh and dreamy not too hot	gm	30 5	Afghani hash	greenish black, fumy	gm oz	10-15 175-200	Domestic sinsemilla	alarmingly potent	1/4 oz oz	50 200
Cocaine	stomped heavily	one gm	120	Lebanese red	a choker	gm	10	Mexican weed	most available	OZ	50-65
	ENGLAND			hash Cocaine	no shit, the real	oz gm	175-200 250-300	Mainland	hurtin' for	lb oz	500-600 225-300
Leb hash	blondes and reds,	oz	100	Thai sticks	thing, but \$ great	one	25	sinsemilla	certain	lb	2000-27
Moroccan hash	typical	lb	1000	Philippine pot	commercial grade	OZ	50-75	Thai sticks	lots of lumber	one lb	20 2400-26
	green slabs, some too dry	oz lb	110 1200	Ups & downs Moonshine	legal, kind of homemade	100 pint	5 30	Lebanese hash	often too	gm	10
Paki hash	soft, spongy, potent	oz Ib	150 1800	1		pure		Cocaine	dry roll of the dice	oz gm	130-200 100-175
Cocaine	"Charles" to the	gm	110		UNITED STAT	ES		LSD	G.I. fave	oz one	2000-28
	witty English	oz	2200	Area Bulletin	18					100	350-500
	FRANCE			University of	blotter "snowflake"	one	4	Methaqualone	boots	one 100	5 350
Commercial Colombian	fashion designers	oz	140	Pennsylvania Newport Beach,	acid "cush" sinsemilla	Ib	1850				
African pot	only lots of shake,	oz	80-100	Cal. Santa Ana, Cal.	da kine bathtub zip		55	Hawaii			
Leb hash	mediocre international	gm	5	Dayton, Ohio	commie 'mersh,	gm ¼ lb	110-	Puna buds	price	oz	150-250
	favorite			Fort Worth	dry, warehoused rock hard blond	gm	10	Kona gold	stabilizing banana-size buds	lb oz	2000-26 150-250
Afghan hash Nepal hash	black, strong the best	gm	6 7.50-12	16301111911119	leb hash					lb	2000-24
Cocaine LSD	heavily danced on	gm	150	Pasadena, Cal.	"guerrilla grown" sinse	OZ	200	Mauna Loa	short supply	oz. Ib	175-225 2000-26
Hash oil	art blots popular at parties	one gm	7 11	Sandwich, Ill.	powdered "mes- caline," strong	gm	60	Maui wowie	grower stash	OZ	175-275
Opium	Turkish, tasty	gm	14		body high			TO THE STATE OF TH	grade; other grades less	lb	2250-30
	MOROCCO			Chattanooga	hydroponic sinse, local, kickass	oz	120	LSD Mushrooms	fresh from the lab for cheap	one	2-4 free
Cannabia nollan	MOROCCO			Livingston,	Top-notch toot	gm	150	Cocaine	not a big mover	gm	75-125
Cannabis pollen, double O	soft, chewy balls	gm lb	100	Montana	from Beverly Hills			Amphetamines	speedy relief	one	2050-30
powder Cannabis pollen,	like black	om	.50	Denver	Mexican primo,	lb	800		aprend react	O.A.	
first class	chewing gum	B B	50-75	The High I	"donkey dong" buds				VENEZUELA	1	
powder Loose buds (kif)	8 inch buds,	20	1	National Mar	leat			Colombian 'mersh	inconsistent	oz	15
	like Thai sticks	kilo	10	U.S. sinsemilla	still in there		110-275	marijuana Colombian shake	by the bagful,	lb 100 lbs	100 5000
Cocaine LSD	from Amsterdam from West	gm one	100			OZ	110-215	The state of the s	80% seeds		
	Germany, red stars, clear blots			Commercial Mexican	trucker's special	oz lb	10-40 100-435	Colombian gold	bleached green and gold	oz lb	30 150
Amphetamines	'script Apetin	50	2.50	Top-grade Mexican	that's right,	oz	65-80	Colombian Punta Roja	good goes to U.S.; rest is here	oz lb	25 350
				Mexican	Acapulco gold better and better	lb oz	750-800 100-135	Venezuelan	kickass fume	OZ	20
	IE NETHERLA	INDS		sinsemilla Jamaican	too much, prices	lb	900-1250	rainbow pot Colombian coke	inferior grades	lb gm	200 40
Commercial Colombian	nothing to write home about	gm kilo	4 2000		low	oz lb	35-45 375-450		mostly		
African buds	too seedy	gm	4	Jamaican sinsemilla	crackerjack when around	oz lb	70-100 700-1000	Bolivian coke	pink or white flakes, uncut	gm	55
Blond Leb hash	bottom of the line	kilo	2000	Commercial	plenty	OZ	30-40	Peruvian fish scales	showcase blow, uncut	gm	60-70
Moroccan hash	dried slabs	kilo	4000	Colombian Connoisseur	on the rebound	lb oz	265-350 45-55	Coca paste	"bazooka" to the	gm	20
		gm kilo	8 4500	Colombian Thai sticks		lb	475-600	Lemmon 714's	locals, best buy Imported from	100	25
Red Leb hash	fumy, colorful	gm kilo	10 6000	Charles and the control of the contr	doggy	one oz	10-25 160-190	LSD	Colombia		
Afghan hash	black, sticky,	gm kilo	15	Loose Thai	back in earnest	oz lb	160-220 1450-1950	Lau	European, tiles, blots	one	10-15
Cocaine	heavenly rarely pure	kilo	8000 150-200	Hawaiian	fits and starts	OZ	160-250	Colombian hash Haitian hash	no shit, terrible	gm	20
LSD		100 gm	10000	Moroccan hash	greenish black	lb oz	2700-3200 125-175	rancian nasn	black, probably Moroccan via	gm	25
LSD	blotter	one	4-6			lb	1600-2000	Magic mushrooms	Jamaica		free
	PANAMA			Korean Pot	that's what they say	oz lb	175 2200	Magic musin coms	everywhere		1166
Seeded redhair	seedy but primo	oz	150	Lebanese hash	some past	OZ	100-130	W	EST GERMA	NY	
		lb	1650-1750	Black Afghani	its prime with gold seal	lb oz	900-1450 150-200	Moroccan hash	fresh		7
Red sinsemilla	still seedy, but stingy & stoney	oz lb	160 1800	hash Nepalese fingers	dreamy and	lb oz	1700-2300 175-225	Leb hash	reds, golds	gm lb	2000
iteu suisemma	rarely red, usually	oz	50-65		aromatic	lb	1700-2500	N 157 (15 - 15 - 15 - 15 - 15 - 15 - 15 - 15		gm oz	60
		lb	560	Paki hash	bits and pieces	oz lb	165 1600-1900	Afghani hash	ma*.hole cover- size slabs	gm lb	7 2000
	green-brown			The second second	200	OZ	100-150	Primo Afghani	black and		10
	green-brown			Psilocybin	dried,						
Panama red Mozambique pot			2	Psilocybin mushrooms	encapsulated	Ib	1650	Homegrown not	beautiful getting the hang	gm B	3000
Panama red	PORTUGAL	gm kilo gm	2 1250 3					Homegrown pot	beautiful getting the hang of it very little	lb gm lb one	3000 5 1200 10

HIG POESKIIMES REFERENCE

GLUTETHIMIDE AND CODEINE

aka: set ups, loads, doors, four doors.

CHARGES: Glutethimide (Doriden) and codeine in combination expose the consumer to all the dangers of both opiates and barbiturates. Consistent use at toxic doses can produce physical dependence, i.e. addiction.

With the presence of Glutethimide, a barbituratelike sedative hypnotic, withdrawal from set ups can be life threatening because of the danger of seizures. There are a number of possible side effects as noted below in "Hazards and Liabilities."

NATURE AND USE: Glutethimide (Doriden) is a nonbarbiturate sedative hypnotic used in treating nonchronic insomnia. Codeine is an opium derivative used as a general painkiller. Both drugs are scheduled, prescription preparations. The combination is supposed to simulate the effects of heroin and is available only on the illicit street market. Owing to the danger involved in use at an intoxicating quantity, we feel that there is no recreational use of this combination—only abuse. First seen in early 1980, the abuse of set ups escalated toward the end of 1980. At the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic we saw an increase in both drug overdose and drug dependence associated with set ups.¹ In Southern California the same combination is called "loads."

HAZARDS AND LIABILITIES: This is a particularly dangerous combination for overdose because it combines a narcotic with a potent sedative hypnotic that approximates in lethality a short-acting barbiturate. Glutethimide can be deadly at only five to ten times the therapeutic dose used to induce sleep. In some persons, glutethimide produces an atypical intoxication seizure. Daily use in excess of 30 days at a level five times the therapeutic level can produce physical dependence. Chronic use may cause stumbling, staggering and neurological deficits in hands and legs that can progress to paralysis. Psychiatric problems may be precipitated or aggravated. High doses of the aspirin and acetaminophen found in codeine compounds can cause gastric ulcers, tinnitus and hearing loss, liver damage and blood coagulation disorders. Other additives in high quantity can cause kidney damage, central nervous system (CNS) problems and death.3

FIRST AID PLUS: Due to the nature of glutethimide as a short-acting sedative hypnotic, there is no specific antagonist for either overdose or dependence. Both conditions require the expertise and facilities of an emergency room, drug treatment clinic or poison control center. Be sure that treatment people know what drugs are involved so they can take all the proper life-sustaining measures.

Medical advice by David Smith, M.D.
Written by David Smith and Rick Seymour

OVERDOSE: The overdose is only partially reversed by the administration of naloxone (Narcan), which, as a narcotic antagonist, will nullify only the effects of the codeine. The effects of the glutethimide must be managed conservatively until it is excreted from the body since there is no sedative hypnotic antagonist. A life-support system for both respiration and the cardiovascular system is often necessary. Vigorous medical intervention is indicated and hospitalization is usually required.

DEPENDENCE: Withdrawal from codeine dependence by itself is clinically no worse than a bad case of the flu. It can be managed on an outpatient basis with symptomatic nonnarcotic medication. Glutethimide withdrawal, however, is much more complex than detoxification from codeine. Withdrawal can induce seizures, withdrawal psychosis or death. The withdrawal syndrome is similar to that seen after the abrupt cessation of a short-acting barbiturate. At the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic and allied inpatient facilities, we have used a phenobarbital substitution and withdrawal technique for glutethimide dependence with good results. A sedative dose of phenobarbital (30 mg) is substituted for each 250 mg of glutethimide. After two days' stabilization on the phenobarbital, the phenobarbital dose is reduced 30 mg a day. Variation, such as the substitution of another short-acting barbiturate, then graded reduction of dose, or graded reduction of the glutethimide itself, can be used, but we believe these techniques are less effective. They should be used only on an inpatient basis.

During the withdrawal phase, attention should be given to the possibility of phenobarbital intoxication and to possible manipulative behavior by the patient in an effort to get more medication. The latter, if successful, can greatly impede the progress of detoxification and does not help the patient. If signs of intoxication are observed, the dose of the substitution drug is reduced. Because of the potential for seizure, glutethimide withdrawal should never be treated without medication in a "cold turkey" fashion, or treated by inexperienced personnel.

3 Ibid

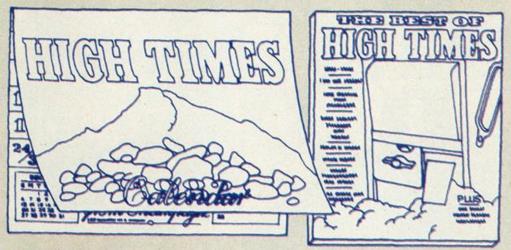
A B U S E F O L I O

¹ Smith, David E., M.D., "A New Prescription Drug Abuse Combination: Glutethimide and Codeine." California Society for the Treatment of Alcoholism and Other Drug Dependencies NEWS, October/November, 1981

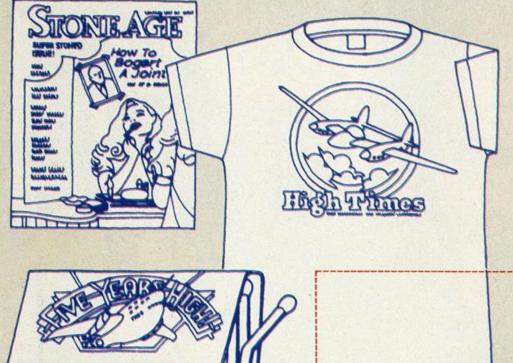
² Marder, Leon, M.D., "'Set up,' 'Loads,' 'Doors' or 'Four Doors.' " California Society for the Treatment of Alcoholism and Other Drug Dependencies NEWS, October/November, 1981

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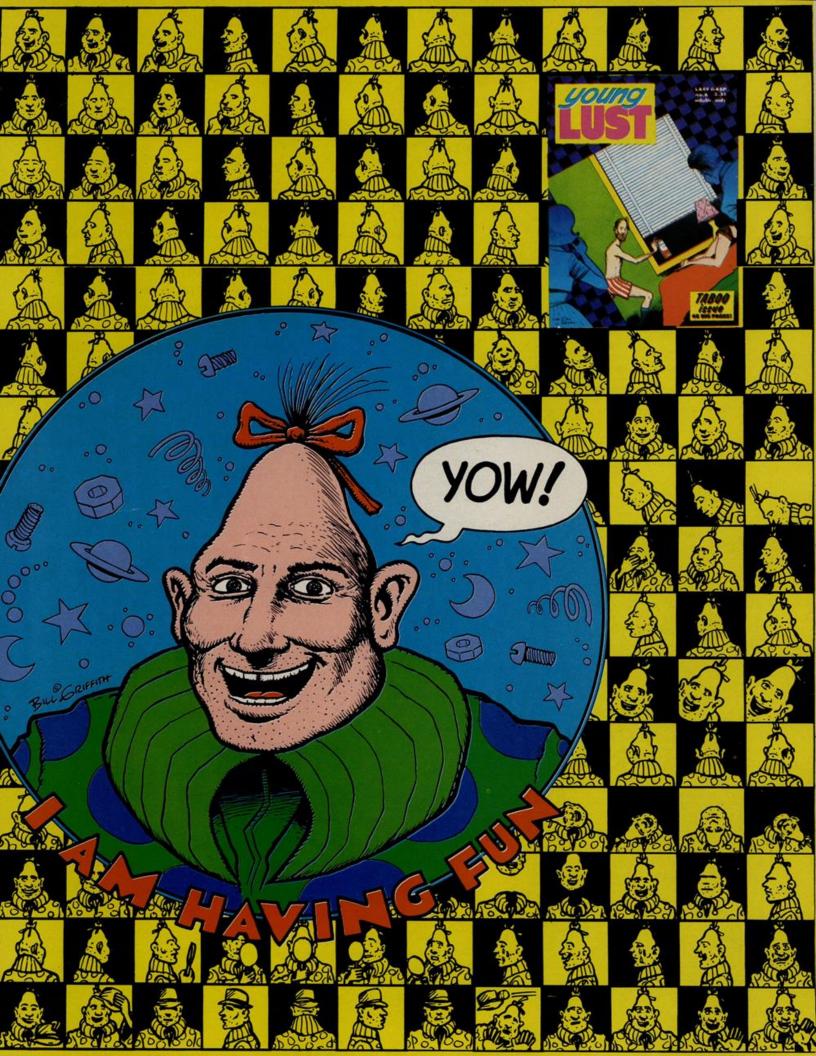
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Bill Griffith's been a regular contributor to this magazine since 1976, so HIGH TIMES readers are certainly no strangers to pinhead logic. But you don't have to be a regular reader of "Zippy" to "get it." In fact, we could make a case for saying Griffith comes out of the very same great tradition of absurdist humor as the Beatles, the Marx Brothers and (if we were so daring) James Joyce, and that if you "get" Finnegan's Wake, you'll grok "Zippy." But instead we'll just say that Griffith is rooted in a particular time and place. Just sit in front of the TV set and turn the dial, slowly. All those voices, out of synch, out of context, are what's distilled into Griffith's comics.

Griffith's style of humor has special significance for a generation that grew up on 30-second news flashes, fast crosscuts and fade-to-black comedy. Griffith takes media reality and freezes it on paper, absurd in perpetuity. The "gallery of grotesques" that people his comics are the folks we meet every day. Not just Zippy; there's also the utterly malevolent Mr. Toad, and the two-dimensional Randy and Cherisse, so much like the paper-doll suburbanites of Griffith's Levittown childhood. His characters are all us good Americans. No wonder he was immediately embraced, when he started producing comics in the '60s, by a generation that shared his frame of reference. "I had the advantage," he recalls, "of having the counterculture as a cushion. It existed long enough to at least keep some of us going."

Zippy has proved to be Griffith's most popular character to date, not just in the States, but in Europe as well. A collection of strips was released here last year by And/Or Press as Zippy Stories. In West Germany, an anthology of his work is available under the title U-Comix

Sonderband: Bill Griffith (Linden: Volksverlag); a bilingual paperback with a glossary of Americanisms is about to be released as "Madmen and Wise Guys" (Hamburg: 2001). Meanwhile, Zippy's adventures have been adapted for stage and screen. The San Francisco-based touring company Duck's Breath Mystery Theater built a skit around the Zippy-for-president campaign; VideoWest produced eight Zippy segments for television that have been shown on "Night Flight" (USA Network) and local cable stations on the West Coast.

In spite of his popularity, Griffith is not a well-known personality. Nor do readers get to know him through his strips, in the sense they get to know a frankly autobiographical cartoonist like Art Spiegelman. Griffith's characters opaque the role of their creator, in part, perhaps, because they rarely seem to think on paper. In a 1974 interview published in The Apex Treasury of Underground Comics /reissued in 1981 by Quick Fox, New York), Griffith said, "I draw grotesque characters because I think people are like that. Take Mr. Toad. He's a charming fellow. I like him because he's got a fully developed unconscious personality. He has no understanding of why he is who he is. He has undeniable force because he never questions himself. Most of my characters do not suffer from identity crises; they don't

Greg Blair, who conducted this interview, didn't know quite what to expect of the man behind pinhead logic. But it turned out to be a fortuitous pairing of subject and interviewer. Before long, Blair had Griffith explaining what makes Zippy work. Or was it Zippy explaining what makes Griffith work? Are we reading the interview yet?

HIGH TIMES: A friend of mine who also reads Zippy thought you got a lot of your ideas on the Muni [San Francisco's municipal transit system]. Where the heck do you get them?

GRIFFITH: I never take the Muni.

HIGH TIMES: So much for that theory.

GRIFFITH: I get a lot of ideas driving my car. I mean, I do see people.

HIGH TIMES: Especially in San Francisco. GRIFFITH: I come in contact with a lot of people and get all kinds of inspiration from just street events and meeting crazy people. I seem to attract street crazies a lot. Just the kind that rant and rave on street corners or mumble or speak to the avocados in the grocery store.

HIGH TIMES: They come up to you?

GRIFFITH: That seems to happen. I seem to be a magnet to them. I don't know. I guess it's karma or something. I'm generating some kind of lure toward them, because

I'm aware. I'm looking at them.

I get my ideas from the muse. It just happens. With "Zippy," It's different. With "Zippy," I sit down and say, okay, I've got to do a strip for HIGH TIMES today, or I've got to do a strip for a newspaper. It just comes out. I may have the theme and the basic starting point. I might even have an end worked out in my head, but I tend not to work out a whole story line. "Zippy" seems to lend itself to that method fairly well, too. If I planned everything out, it would run counter to Zippy's character.

HIGH TIMES: So your characters acquire their own momentum?

GRIFFITH: Yeah. That's the ideal state, to have a character, in whatever form of literature or art that you're involved with, that tells you what to do. That's what happens with Zippy. I sit down and do Zippy. He tells me what he wants. It doesn't happen with too many other characters I have.

Zippy is the central force around which everything revolves. If he bumps up against the real world, it doesn't stay the same. This defines him and also allows him to influence the real world. I did a strip with Zippy getting involved in Washington politics and senators and dope dealers, all those powerful forces that think they're in control, that are doing these real important things. And you put Zippy in there, it's like throwing a monkey wrench in an engine. Everything goes crazy.

HIGH TIMES: There's almost a Groucho Marx flavor to Zippy's behavior.

GRIFFITH: The Groucho phenomenon. Groucho Marx walks into a hotel lobby. No one looks around and says, "Why is that man wearing funny clothes and a mustache painted on his lip? How can he be here? He must be insane. Take him to an insane asylum." They don't say that. They make the movie so people accept the fact that Harpo can walk in and squeeze horns and no one says, "Hey, you're not in the real world, get out of here." They accept it, and that's the element that makes it funny. The fact that they are accepting it.

HIGH TIMES: After Zippy saved the senator's life, he chose to take Zippy along to his exotic hideaway instead of kicking Zippy into a trash can and leaving.

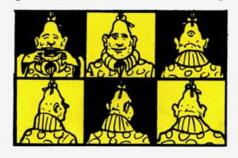
GRIFFITH: That's the Groucho phenomenon again. The leap of faith that the reader has to make and that everything depends on is that Zippy is acceptable to real people, which would never happen. That would be a problem and also a great thing for turning Zippy into a live-action movie.

HIGH TIMES: You'd have the Marx Brothers

GRIFFITH: You'd have to work with the fact that people are edgy about Zippy being in a room with them, but that they also accept him. People don't accept Groucho or Zippy so much as they choose to be tolerant. That's what it is. It's a kind of tolerance or a wariness that's not quite the same as accepting someone. But there would be an immediate tension if someone like Zippy walked in and sat down in a chair next to you. And what you're feeling is this person has a kind of power over you. Because he doesn't accept your reality at all.

HIGH TIMES: And also we are socialized into behaving in at least a well-mannered, if not condescending, manner toward people—GRIFFITH: —who are crazy. Well, people who are crazy have always been [snaps his fingers]—That's what it is, that's what the Groucho thing is with Zippy. It's the way people react to a crazy person. They're afraid of them, so they become condescending and tolerant and pat them on the head. But that only works as long as the

crazy person remains harmless and remains kind of goofy and passive. But the minute the crazy people get domineering, or assert themselves, or start manipu-



"Drugs were just a stepping-stone on the way to appreciating absurdity."



lating or controlling your world, your reality, then they're defining everything. They're defining reality. You're just a part of their reality. They're no longer just this controllable aberration. You're under their sway. And everyone is sort of afraid of that in themselves. That's another little element. People are always afraid of letting go and the rules all falling apart.

HIGH TIMES: Also, if you're going to hit a Zippy on the head, you're forced to stop and think about what would happen if you become that person. You wouldn't want people to do that to you.

GRIFFITH: It's deemed excessively cruel to hurt a crazy person.

HIGH TIMES: Do you get people who react violently or really negatively to Zippy? Like instant hate: "This is really terrible stuff."

GRIFFITH: Never. I've often wondered why.

HIGH TIMES: That surprises me.

GRIFFITH: Let me try and think ... I certainly got people that reacted that way to the other characters I've done, like Mr. Toad, who I don't do much anymore. Mr. Toad was an early character of mine who was a hateful, mean character, and he made people feel similarly toward him when they read it. But Zippy doesn't seem to inspire any violence. For instance, I've never gotten any mail or any response from people who said I was degrading mentally re-

tarded people or making fun of them. I suspect I will some day. Maybe it's because I haven't really reached the great unwashed, the average-type reader as opposed to the college student or the sophisticated city dweller. Maybe once this book comes out I will have experienced that. Wonderful to look forward to.

HIGH TIMES: Where did you first get the idea for Zippy?

GRIFFITH: The physical reality of Zippy although I changed it a lot-came out of Tod Browning's Freaks-1933, I think. In the movie, there were two or three pinheads. One of them was called Schlitzy. Schlitzy was a female, but I thought it was a man for a long time. Schlitzy was the model for the first drawings I ever did of Zippy. His name wasn't even Zippy. It was Danny. Which was like an arbitrary name I gave him. I did a story in 1970 called "I Fell for a Pinhead but He Made a Fool Out of Me." It was a Young Lust-y kind of romance parody, but putting pinheads in as the romantic leads. This pinhead named Danny had two girl friends, one in one city, one in another city. He was two-timing them and they each found out about him and in the end he winds up with the pinhead. So that story was intended as a one-shot story for a comic book called Real Pulp Comics #1. I made him look like a pinhead but he didn't act like a pinhead in the story that I drew. But somewhere after '71 or '72, when I'd done him a few more times, he changed, started to look physically more like he does now. And then he was a sidekick for Mr. Toad. He seemed like the ideal sidekick, because Mr. Toad was mean and vicious and Zippy was naive and spaced out. Like the other side to represent two different extremes.

HIGH TIMES: Two halves of a brain.

GRIFFITH: Two halves, exactly. So he was a sidekick for Mr. Toad for a long time until he overtook Mr. Toad somewhere in '73 or '74.

HIGH TIMES: I'm a big fan of William Burroughs, who plays with juxtaposition as an art form. With Zippy, you've got bits of sentences put up against other bits, which are frequently very powerful. Is it just humor you're working for?

GRIFFITH: I didn't mean just humor in the sense of joke telling or people laughing at what I do. I meant absurdity, too. That's the core of Zippy, the sense of the absurd, and the same thing is true with Burroughs, whom I like a lot, too. Zippy points out, as a lot of comic-type characters do, the absurdity and craziness of everyday life, every minute of your life. He points out the fictional nature of reality. It sounds corny but he shows people the games that they're playing, the roles they're playing. He breaks down all kinds of illusions. That happens with any form of humor. That's what laughter is. I mean laughter might be caused by a specific reason, but what's happening when you're laughing is you're releasing your grasp, your tight grasp on your life and your sense of reality. You're dropping it for a second. Zippy makes you drop it for more than a second. And sometimes you never pick it up again.

HIGH TIMES: Exactly.

GRIFFITH: You know, take Zippy and don't take LSD.

HIGH TIMES: Do you think the rise of truly absurd humor is just based on the '60s, that there wouldn't be more to it?

GRIFFITH: It's based on reality. It's based on the craziness of our times. It's in response to the increasingly apparent absurdity of all of human endeavor. That's a bit heavy.

HIGH TIMES: Heavy but accurate.

GRIFFITH: The drug thing hastened the appreciation of that fact about our generation. Something like it would have happened whether the drugs were there or not, but the drugs quickened it and heightened it. I'm not talking so much about the way drugs are used now as the way they were used in the '60s.

HIGH TIMES: Well, yes, it was rampant.

GRIFFITH: And it was done sort of almost like a reason. I don't want to emphasize this too much because it's not a big point, but when you took acid, you took acid to have revelation and enlightenment. You didn't take it to bomb yourself out. Get wiped out and fall asleep. Now that's why people take acid-because they want to get bombed and wiped out. Anyway, drugs were just a stepping-stone on the way to appreciating absurdity in general.

HIGH TIMES: When did underground comics blossom? When did they start taking off? GRIFFITH: They started with Crumb.

HIGH TIMES: Was he the first?

GRIFFITH: The first underground comiccalled "Lenny of Laredo"-was by a guy named Joel Beck in Texas. That's for total historical accuracy, in my opinion anyway. There's a dispute which was the first underground comic. That was about 1965. Then in I guess early '66 or '67 Crumb came out with Zap #1. Then it was followed by Zap #0, because the artwork for the first Zap #1 was actually stolen before it was printed.

HIGH TIMES: Stolen by whom?

GRIFFITH: Some editor of a newspaper in Pennsylvania.

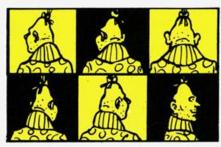
HIGH TIMES: Crumb was really completely

GRIFFITH: Yeah. I don't remember all the details, but Crumb told me about it. The guy took it to Europe then got guilty or something and sent it to Crumb from Europe. Zap #1 had already come out because Crumb had just gone on with his other book. Then Zap #0 came out after Zap #1. That was about '67. Then he came out here. He was doing all that back in Philadelphia and New York.

I started doing comics in late '68 but all in New York at first. I worked for the East Village Other, which had a comic tabloid. I think of it as a collector's item now. That was edited by Kim Deitch. I worked for the first twenty issues or so of Screw in '69. I had come out here in '67 just for a vacation and not seen the comics then. I didn't see the comics until New York in '67 or '68. When a friend of mine picked up a Zap comic. That's when I saw the first Crumb. I wasn't totally committed to being a full-time car-



"I didn't even look at a comic book before I started doing comics."



toonist at first. I was at that point a painter. **HIGH TIMES:** You mean canvas painting? GRIFFITH: Yeah. I had a couple of gallery shows in New York of drawings, sold an occasional painting, but never thought of comics as a career, just something I always had a tendency toward. I did get addicted very quickly to seeing my stuff in print. So within six months of doing comics I stopped painting and never went back.

HIGH TIMES: Really.

GRIFFITH: It means that's what I was supposed to do.

HIGH TIMES: What were your paintings

GRIFFITH: I was always like this wise guy and comedian to some degree and my paintings were actually starting to get comicky and narrative, which used to be a bad word for painting.

HIGH TIMES: Narrative in the sense of actual printed words or just stories?

GRIFFITH: There were people and they were doing things. There was a situation, and in some cases there was humor happening. That was not revolutionary by any means, but that's what pop art was all about. You know, partly about having fun with your painting. But I was doing something that was not too acceptable, and not too satisfying, either, because I would do it and somebody would either borrow it or buy it or it would sit in my apartment and

didn't communicate much to people. It was just there.

The minute I had something in a newspaper I realized, hey, ten thousand people just read this garbage that I did. It was a combination of a thrill and very upsetting and depressing too, because the one thing that's really good about getting publishedas opposed to just doing something and looking at it-is for some reason when it gets drawn, transferred, reduced and printed, and you look at it, you're no longer the artist. Some part of you is the viewer just looking at this thing and you get this distance and you see all the mistakes jumping out at you. All the errors. You crossed a t wrong, it just glares at you. So it's a real learning thing.

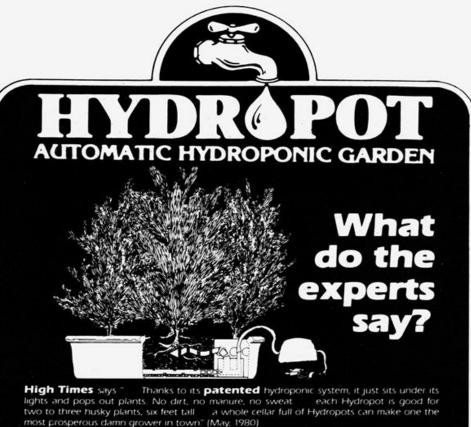
HIGH TIMES: Did you study the comic form before starting out?

GRIFFITH: I didn't even bother looking at a comic book before I started doing comics. So I did all kinds of crazy things. It's probably a good way to do it, in one way, because you invent your own style and you have your own language. But you also make an incredible number of mistakes-sometimes with the most obvious things, like putting balloons in the wrong spots so that people read them in the wrong order. I just did all kinds of things wrong at first. I didn't pay close attention to anatomical drawing, which you have to do in comics. Drawing has to be acceptably academic to some degree, and your style has to be so carefully crafted. With some like [cartoonist] S. Clay Wilson, you can't say he draws academically, but he's got a personal style that's real developed, and you respond to it and understand what he's doing.

I seem to be going in the direction of not so much a stylized as traditional drawing with perspective. It took me a long time to get all that stuff down. I had to do it all while being printed, which was good, but creates a lot of craziness for the artist, because you're always looking at your stuff and saying, "Oh God, that's terrible. What did I do!"

HIGH TIMES: When did you come to the Bay Area?

GRIFFITH: I came out here in 1970 with Tales of Toad #1, which was this Mr. Toad character. I started the Mr. Toad character in the early '60s just for myself and it developed. I did a romance comics parody like a long story and tried to get it published in the East Village Other or some other newspaper. It was eight pages so nobody would publish it. And something clicked and I said, hey, maybe this should be in a comic book instead of a newspaper. [Underground cartoonist] Jay Kinney visited me, and it turned out he had done this strip similar to mine, so he said, hey, this is a germ of a book. Let's do a whole book parodying romance comics. I came out here and delivered Tales of Toad and went back to New York. Then a few months later, I came out here again with Young Lust #1 and sold it to a publisher. Young Lust sold incredibly well, several mil-



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lion copies by now. It made me some money so that I could do comics and from 1970 till now that's all I've done, with a slump in about '74, '75.

HIGH TIMES: For you or underground comics?

GRIFFITH: Both. It was all part of the inflation. Small businesses died like crazy and underground comics was and is somewhat of a small business. And they couldn't handle all the returns. People stopped buying comics and the price was starting to go up. It was fifty cents for years. Then they were seventy-five cents and a dollar. 'Course now they're a dollar and a half and sometimes two. Anyway, that slump was my one crisis period. But I got through that all right.

HIGH TIMES: By continuing to work on comic material?

GRIFFITH: At that point I started something called the Cartoonists' Co-op Press with three or four other artists and it didn't really exist in the sense that it sounds like it did. It wasn't a company but it was a way for us to publish our own comics. During that time I did that and I also worked for Topps Bubble

HIGH TIMES: Topps Bubble Gum?

GRIFFITH: Art Spiegelman, who was my coeditor on Arcade, and a good friend, worked for Topps Bubble Gum through the mails and has since he was sixteen years old. He still works for them and he's still the boy genius. They don't understand how he invents those things for them.

HIGH TIMES: What have you done for

GRIFFITH: Most of our work was in this thing called Wacky Packages. They just reissued them this year. They're like bubblegum cards but you peel them off of a cardboard card. They're glue-backed. All product parodies. For instance, for Kentucky Fried Chicken, I did Kentucky Fried Fingers. I drew the red and white stupid bucket with Colonel Sanders, and coming out of the top were fingers crawling out. This is aimed at like a seven-year-old-kid audience, and grossness is the main thing that they want. I remember for General Electric light bulbs I made Generally Demented light bulbs and the light bulb had a face, a bumpy head and Band-Aids on his forehead. You can get the drift.

HIGH TIMES: Spiegelman is in "Cast of Characters," in your Zippy #3, where you enter an old-age home for retired underground cartoonists.

GRIFFITH: Kim Deitch, Justin Green and Spain, Gilbert Shelton, Crumb, Robert Armstrong, Michael McMillan, Aline Kominsky, Diane Noomin.

HIGH TIMES: All those people are in there? GRIFFITH: Yeah. Briefly. In that story, the first thing I do is start instigating a riot by telling everybody we should be doing comics again. They're all just sitting around, old farts, you know, reading their old stuff. Then I start getting Art all hyped up about coming out with some version of

Arcade again. I end up falling asleep in my wheelchair and drooling on my shirt.

HIGH TIMES: Your own characters in that story play a very significant part.

GRIFFITH: That story was a device to get me to where I was confronting them.

HIGH TIMES: When I read that story, I had already formulated in my mind a series of formal interview questions, one of the most basic being "How do you relate to your characters, and do you find a certain cathartic quality in putting things out in the real world that are bothering you at home or whatever?" But you went ahead and did

GRIFFITH: [Laughs] Like I answered that question.

HIGH TIMES: You answered it immediately. GRIFFITH: The answer is yes. It is good catharsis. With some characters much more than others. But it's never really cathartic with Zippy. It's a wonderful sense of releasing something, but it's not like this horrible thing is bottled up inside me that I have to get out. It's more like relaxing and letting something out.

HIGH TIMES: What about Mr. Toad?

GRIFFITH: I don't do Mr. Toad too often, and part of the reason is that he reflects a kind of meanness that I probably felt more at one time than I do now. Not just a meanness, but a real hard-edged . . .

HIGH TIMES: He's the consummate bad

GRIFFITH: Bad guy, right. It was a stance that I probably was taking at the time. During Arcade time, in 1976 or so, I did a long story with him, but I have not done anything for three or four years with him. And that's really cathartic. Because the Mr. Toad parts of me are still there. They're no longer obvious. They're no longer on the surface or they're no longer things that motivate me. But they're still there. I mean everyone has those feelings: hatred and hunger and jealousy, all your grosser emotions. To bring him out is to bring these feelings out. I don't want to but I do once in a while, and in some cases I've done a number of Mr. Toad strips that I could not finish. HIGH TIMES: Really.

GRIFFITH: I just couldn't.

HIGH TIMES: Ran out of steam or couldn't? GRIFFITH: Too painful.

HIGH TIMES: The catharsis turned backwards?

GRIFFITH: Yeah. It became counterproductive or something. That character does that. I can't think of any other character that has that strong an effect. I have dreams about Mr. Toad, where he's been waiting out on the doorstep for me as I come home, holding something like a baseball bat.

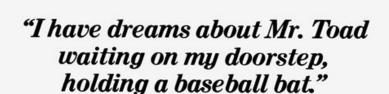
HIGH TIMES: You mean in a suit and everything.

GRIFFITH: As he is.

HIGH TIMES: How do people react to you

after reading your comics?

GRIFFITH: When I was doing more of Mr. Toad, a lot of people expected me to be physically like him. Real big and bad-assed and





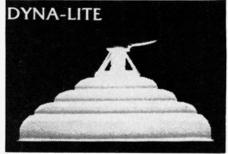
beer-drinking. Or if not that, at least foulmouthed. With Zippy, sometimes they expect me to be Zippy-like. One of the reasons I started doing this Griffy character is to give myself a distinct personality based on what people thought I would be like because of my work. I would make up my own character and put it in my strips so they would have something specific to look at that was me. And that would also fulfill a function for me. Me getting into the strips, and speaking to myself-which isn't quite

how it works, but it was the intention. Unless I make it a successful cartoon character, it doesn't work, so it's not me, of course. HIGH TIMES: In "Cast of Characters," not only was there Griffy, there was a young and an old Griffy.

GRIFFITH: Right. An alive and positive one and a cynical and dying one.

HIGH TIMES: Farther into Young Lust #6 is a story written by a guy named Spain. My reaction to that was that it seems autobiocontinued on next page graphical.





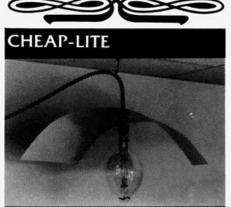
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INTERVIEW: BILL GRIFFITH

continued from preceding page

GRIFFITH: Spain looks and acts just the way you'd expect. He's one of the cartoonists who doesn't ever disappoint his audience when he meets them. His stuff in Zap, for instance, and a lot of other places is about motorcycle gangs and is filled with violence and street-wise kinda people. That's just what he is. He used to be in a motorcycle gang, although he's a real mellow kind of a guy, not a Hell's Angel at all. That is in his past. But you can see that part of him very easily and he's also a kind of a macho physical guy. The way he draws himself in the comics is pretty accurate.

HIGH TIMES: How does this compare to the superhero-style comics?

GRIFFITH: Most people that do superhero strips tend to be small, frail kind of guys that have had this fantasy they are working on. That is a fairly accurate stereotype for cartoonists. If they have a particular character they are usually the opposite of it, physically or personality-wise.

HIGH TIMES: So how does that phenomenon apply to underground comic writers? GRIFFITH: I think it's true for underground as well as other cartoonists. There's not as much of a separation between artist and character but this phenomenon is still there. Underground comics are personal comics. See, in something like the Marvel or the superheroes or even things like Archie comics, the way they're done separates the artist from his personal needs. Overground, you know, the normal comics, with exceptions, come out of a more commercial function. For instance, the average Marvel-type comic or others of its ilk are not even drawn or thought of by one person. It's a team, five or six people. There's an editor somewhere that changes it. And it's all aimed at a marketplace that panders to a need. The best of undergrounds certainly don't do that.

HIGH TIMES: How difficult is it to make a living doing underground comics?

GRIFFITH: That's another funny thing about underground comics. If you do really a lot of work and it sells well you can make more out of it than you could out of working for the Marvel-type comics, except the Marvel thing is steady and underground isn't. The Marvel artists get a one-time fee. Period. In underground comics we're authors. We get a royalty based on the cover price of the comic. We get that forever. As many reprintings as it goes into, we get paid. You negotiate your own reprinting. And can sell to European publishers and that for me and for some artists represents a substantial part of our income and our exposure.

HIGH TIMES: How big are comic books in Europe?

GRIFFITH: Europe never put the stigma on comics that America did in the '40s and '50s, which was that comics are for kids. And not only for kids, but they were moronic

and maybe even destructive and maybe causing juvenile delinquency and all that junk. That never happened in Europe. Comics were always looked upon as somewhat light, but not only for kids, for adults and kids. I think in France there are seven or eight magazines published either weekly or monthly, all comics and all aimed at adults, varying in degree from things that are kind of like *Mad* magazine to things that are as sophisticated but experimental and personal.

HIGH TIMES: So comics are treated as an art form

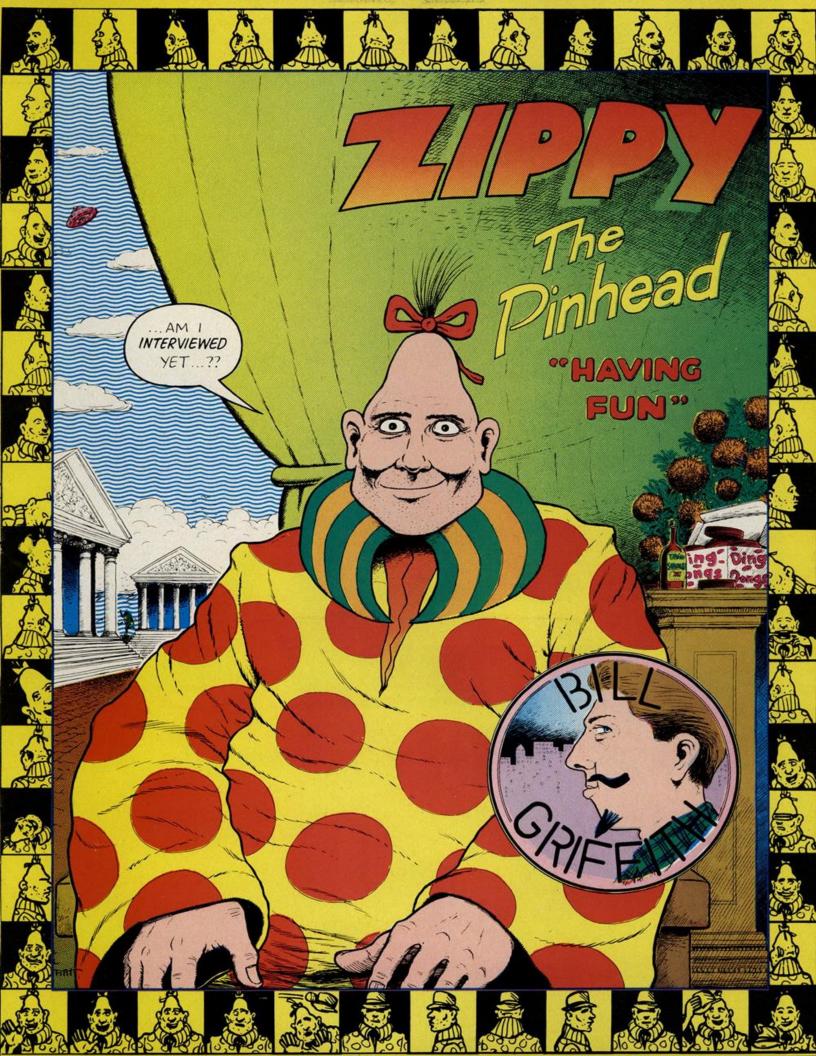
GRIFFITH: Yeah. Sophisticated. Not for kids at all. And not looked upon as some aberration that just artists would be interested in. They actually have audiences. They have respectable circulations and the artists who contribute to them make a decent living. My friend Art Spiegelman was over in Europe a year or two ago and said there's a phenomenon he was really jealous of over there, which is not only do the French cartoonists have access to all those magazines to work for, but they each have a critic. There are comics critics over there that print articles and even write essays and things in places where average people read them. Each one of these cartoonists has a critic who follows his career, takes him seriously, as well as in fact promotes him. That would never happen here. The closest we get to anyone with that feeling is Gary Trudeau, who is respected and taken seriously to some degree. He's not just fluff that people forget. And Charles Schulz, although Charles Schulz is tremendously sentimentalized, and lends himself to it tremendously too. There are very few cartoonists here that will get that mass acceptance, and then will get not only mass acceptance but respect and be treated like something other than easy entertainers. But in France it's common. It's spilled over to Holland, Germany to some degree. Germany's a little closer to America, from what I can gather. A lot of cursing and sex, defecation and being bad-assed. The Germans, as one would expect, are gross. They come from a very repressed background so they love shit jokes. I think there are forty words for shit in German.

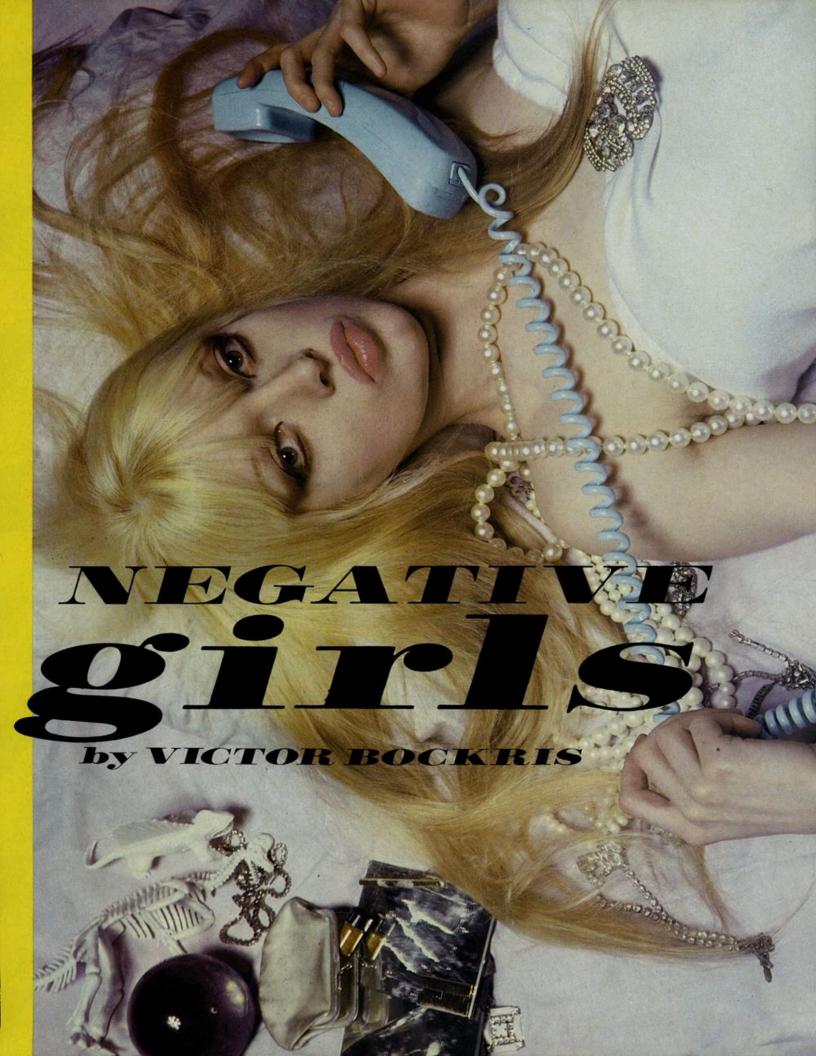
HIGH TIMES: Are you making inroads into the European market?

GRIFFITH: I've had a German paperback and I'm having another one come out in a few months, a big one.

HIGH TIMES: A paperback? Other than Zippy Stories?

GRIFFITH: Yes. In other words, it's a classic syndrome. This is true for a lot of American art forms, but especially comics and jazz and B movies. In America you work in some potboiler way, churning out this stuff for low prices to a small audience. Then Europe says it's great art. This is literally what's happened to me. Europe says, "Hey, Jerry Lewis makes the greatest comic art movies ever made," and they pick it up and continued on page 76





BROKEN BOY: Couldn't you just be a little bit nicer? NEGATIVE GIRL: If I was any nicer I'd be ill.

BOYS TELL LIES, GIRLS TAKE PHOTOGRAPHS

Girls are climbing all over the living-room furniture, and crawling out of my hair, girls are using my eyes, girls are slipping my checkbook into their handbags, girls can't stop talking. Allergic girls. Detergent girls. Floating girls. Stolen girls. Girls and death. Girls defeated by hammers. The girls department. Girls and money. Girls for sale. Legendary girls. Insect girls. Inspect girls. Inject girls. Molested girls. Girls in the supermarket. Backstreet girls. Singing girls. Driving girls. Let me go girls. Walking girls running girls standing still girls. Hot and cold girls. Hot and cold running girls.

Cunts tits feet faces hair. Electric girls. Nominated girls. Financed girls. Jungle girls at the Mudd Club. Diamond girls at the Pierre. Cunts with shields and cunts with spears. Spy girls. All the same girls. Finished girls. Girls in the war. Girls on tour. Girls in the men's room. Inquisitive girls. Intuitive girls. Exquisite girls. Girls who live in the crotch of metropolitan life to illustrate what it's like to be a girl in America today. Negative girls who say, "We are second class citizens!" White girls who want to be black, they demand to be recognized as dogs at war. They learn to say:

"I had to be a prostitute!"

"I had to do it. He would have killed me!"

"He shot me in the chest from four feet and then spent half an hour cleaning up the apartment before he even called an ambulance. The cop thought I was going to die and held my hand all the way to the hospital."

Negative girls are mirrors. They are seeking the proof of their visions every day in every activity. They take photographs of boys telling lies then show them the photographs, revealing the false structure of our sexual code, which negative girls aim to break.

Most girls who get thrown down stairs, beaten up, raped, left, used, abused, slutted, whored, wined and dined close up like foul black flowers and become ugly dishwashers, but negative girls never fall in love, they rise in hate. They take their pain to the public. They exorcise disappointment with its photograph. They celebrate another moon. They chase gaiety, and emerge purged. A negative girl only tells bad stories. She likes to tell stories about every bad person she ever knew, and if you try to cheer her up by telling her something good, she'll turn down her mouth and say it didn't happen to her. But most of all she likes to tell bad stories about herself.

"Did you stuff blueberries up my cunt last night? I thought so! I told you not to! Now I have a swollen cunt. I hate cunts. I wish I didn't have one. All it does is get me into a lot of trouble."

Well, I think you have a very nice... "Oh stop it! I don't care what you think. I'm going to have my cunt sewn

Negative girls know that the male's primary impulse is to insert himself as far into the female's body as he can possibly go and they don't care. Negative girls pretend to be forced to have sex because it proves how negative it is, how negative you feel about them, and how negative their lives are.

"Well you fucked me last night so you're not going to fuck me again this morning. You're not going to fuck me in the ass. It hurts too much. I've tried. You can jerk off in my mouth."

"When did you last come?"

"Ten years ago. What happened last

"Well I was fucking you. I was fucking you for a long time and ...

"I don't remember anything."

"Then you came."

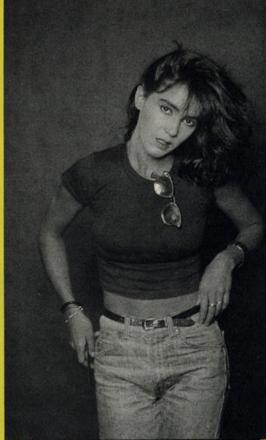
"I NEVER COME WITH YOU! I'm sorry, but ...

"Oh no, it's okay. It's okay. No, I know, but anyway, you seemed to have a good time.

"Well, I don't know."

Negative girls are very annoyed if you think they enjoyed themselves too much. Negative girls are distinctly unhappy if asked by their partners to adopt a superior position during coitus. Little girls who really need help, vulnerability is their strongest suit. It always hurts negative girls when you fuck them. "Ouch ouch, you're hurting me. Stop. Oh my God." Negative girls are embarrassed about sex and don't like to talk about it. If you start being passionate she will scream out, "I'm very drunk! I just want to get raped and fucked! Just fuck me! Rape me! Oh, God, rape me!" and expect you to rip her clothes off and fuck her like a savage from the realms of Tarzan's imagination.

Lawyers, bookkeepers and priests everywhere tell me there are a lot of normal reasonable girls around capable of leading a straightforward adult life, getting married, settling down and raising a family. I've never seen any and I don't believe it. Every girl I meet is just as crazy and remarkable as the one before her. It's always bad with their wheedling and whining and little girl cries: "Sally wants presents. Sally wants ten presents. Sally wants more presents. How many presents does Daddy have for Sally?"



Marcia Resnick

WARNINGS ABOUT NEGATIVE GIRLS

You take a negative girl out on the town everywhere in a limousine and keep giving her cocaine, you take her to exotic private dinner parties, then you ask her if she had a good time and she says it was okay, before going uptown to turn a trick for fifty dollars-just to make sure you understand how much she needs you and how much she wants your attention. A lot of attention. All of it. A night with a negative girl is fraught with danger and can be a nightmare. At any moment she may turn its tide, leaving you washed up on the alcoholic shores of morning. Flapping off of the gray rocks you wake to find yourself fully dressed alone, a cigarette between your teeth, a porkpie hat stuck on your head.

A negative girl will never stay in one place for very long. A negative girl gets bored easily and if you aren't running around with a feather stuffed up your ass or dressed in a chicken suit, or if you haven't got any more funny stories to tell or famous people to introduce her to, a negative girl will run off screaming, "Where's the party?" Negative girls are not interested in newspapers or politics. Negative girls do not like to think, although you have your substrata of intellectual negatives, really bitter bitches with whiplash tongues, regal snatches up on the higher floors who make men kill to fuck, snapping turtle cunts in jaguars, all whoring for power.

One of the uncoolest things about negative girls is that they think James Bond is cool. Uncool, and also revealing, for Bond is one of the greatest woman haters of all time. Of negative girls, Bond's creator, Ian Fleming, once said, "The major problem with them is they don't wash enough. Filthy, the whole lot of them." Negative girls are not very cool and often make complete fools of themselves in front of everyone, having their dresses ripped off by jealous paramours at the Copacabana, falling on their asses trying to model in a fashion show (unexpectedly everyone had to wear roller skates) or just prancing around in wonder woman suits their asses don't

Be very careful who you introduce a negative girl to because she will always collect any famous phone numbers lying around and then call up the famous person and say you told her to call. Negative girls will use your name and connections indiscriminately, but if you ever try to elicit a favor from a negative girl—an introduction, a place to stay, an invitation—she will recoil in horror and assume a superior, removed position.

It has been asked: Are negative girls aliens? Negative girls were certainly given different orders.

FROM KNICKERS AND KNEE SOCKS TO SWITCH-BLADES AND STILETTOS HOW BAD GIRLS UNDRESS

Negative girls don't have many clothes because they spend a lot of time in bed, mostly just sleeping it off, although they do have to perform or else they wouldn't be allowed to stick around. What they wear is remarkably

uniform, depending on the image the individual chooses to employ. When dressing, negative girls concentrate on what will be immediately recognizable to negative boys, except in the few cases where the girl just doesn't have to bother about what she wears—she'll get fucked.

The majority of negative girls wear black because they have to be able to move fast in the dark. If they wear dresses the skirts are short over black stockings or knee socks, white cotton underpants are de rigueur, high heels (to push their asses out), bras (to push their tits out) and black leather jackets. If they wear pants the pants are black, the

boots are black and the jacket's black. The underwear may also be black. Some negative girls throw in a few colors, wear red shoes or pink feather boas and carry yellow plastic handbags, but only on the weekend or if they're temporarily acting in a record company office. Negative girls are too serious to get that fanciful about their outfits. A seminal costume for the negative girl is the Catholic school girl outfit. Variations on this run through most schoolgirl outfits from China to Paraguay. Another alternative is the little boy's sharkskin suit worn over black high heel boots and under short spiky hair. Add teargas gun and hey presto! - you're a negative girl.

Where do negative girls get their clothes? "We shop in other people's closets!" A negative girl rushes into an apartment and heads straight for the closet to see if there's anything she could wear you might lend her for the night. A negative girl will never return anything she borrowed and if you ever leave anything in a negative girl's bed it will get lost before you remember where it is. I have lost a number of small items this way: watches, drugs, credit cards Negative girls are jackdaws, but even the ones with the biggest noses and worst acne are always pretty because they dress up in ballerina clothes and wear black gauze masks and spangles around their ankles. Negative girls are confectionary. Their cunts taste like

NEGATIVE GIRLS AND DRUGS

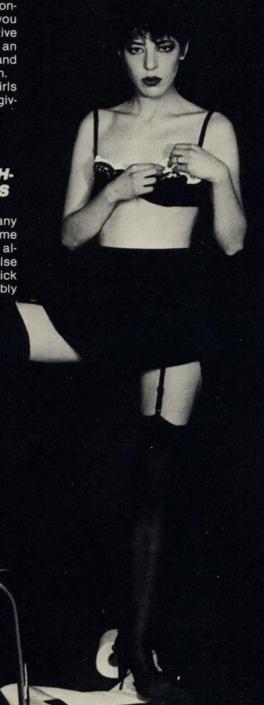
Negative girls are great in bed if they're not too sick, but they're sick a lot. Some negative girls are always sick because they never eat anything and take as many drugs as they can. But negative girls are quite particular about what kind of drugs they will take and most of them abhor marijuana. Boys who smoke marijuana around negative girls always get a lot of flak—

"What a pothead!"

"That stuff stinks!"
"Oh God! More marijuana again...

 because it makes them paranoid and paranoia is the last thing a negative girl can afford to have added to her afflictions.

Negative girls like speed and their mouths are always falling out and breaking on the floor. A lot of negative girls have to take Quaaludes in order to get fucked because they're too tense otherwise. They say all girls like to get smacked and negative girls concur, liking smack better than anything else. You can pretend heroin doesn't exist, or that only underworld stooges of the lowest order use it, but negative girls shout, "We're going to get some good smack as soon as we get to London! Don't be a



boring moralist about it!" While sociologists pout, "Many young girls who fear the permanent side effects of drug addiction accept bizarre sexual experiences in the belief that it is the lesser of two evils." What sleazy liars they are!

NEGATIVE SEX

A boy walks through a crowd of beautiful girls wearing a black bandage across his eyes. A negative boy walks through a crowd of beautiful girls he cannot see. He covers his eyes with a black gloved hand. The wind blows a boy in a black hat and coat over, a car veers around the corner, the street lights go out. Two priests pull up in a limousine. A negative boy goes into another world he has the pictures of. A negative girl screams: "That isn't what happened! We want to hear about the bit where he took his pants off!"

Negative girls only like negative boys and negative boys hate their girl friends, so negative girls are always close to the flame of hate. This keeps them awake. Negative girls want to have sex with negative boys because negative boys match the desired sequence of pictures negative girls have superimposed on their sex screens. The negative girl sees the negative boy walking across the room, she appreciates his skinny ass, his skinny legs, his skinny head, his skinny brain, his skinny veins-all withered up and dried away, which is why he's off the stuff for a while. They flip for his tight skinny mouth and his giant animal member protruding from his pants like a rolling pin. How many times have I had to listen to negative girls gleefully describe their boyfriends' cocks with the guy nodding out right next to them? I always think the guy is going to be embarrassed when his girl friend says, "You can't help the way nature made you honey, you have a beautiful cock," but he just pops another quarter in the pinball machine.

Negative boys say, "Going to bed is really giving up. We never go to bed until we pass out. All imagination of the future is wrong and I am in a precarious position flying over unknown territory without control of my plane, so don't bother me."

How do negative girls deal with negative boys? Most negative girls are frigid. They can usually cover it up pretty well with their acting experience, but most negative boys are impotent, even after reading textbooks on the physiology of erections, and this creates a problem. She tries to jump on top of him wearing a T-shirt that says FETISH or ROCK AND ROLL HIGH SCHOOL, but he can only jerk off to the sound of her voice over the telephone. A negative girl will never mastur-

bate her boyfriend.

"Could I just ask you a favor that'll only take two minutes. Would you just jerk me off?"

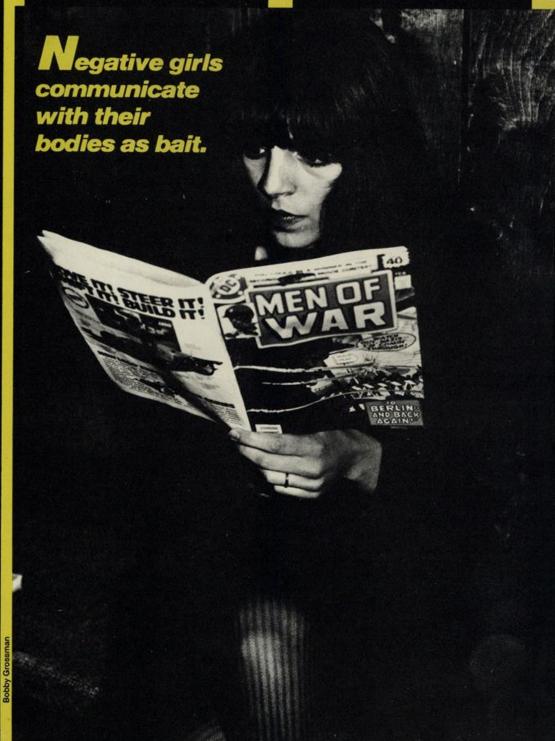
(Outraged) "No!"

"There's nothing wrong with asking as long as you don't try and force someone!"

"There's nothing worse than asking." She is embarrassed if you mention masturbation.

"Getting caught masturbating would be more embarrassing than getting caught turning a trick," a negative girl told me over a lunch which she ordered, stirred around and disdained at Mortimer's. (It is unwise to take a negative girl to a restaurant. She'll make sure it's expensive, then keep the waiter standing around while she bites her nails, and asks what everything looks like. When it comes you realize why. She just likes to look at the food and push it around, unless she's at Dave's Luncheonette, where she'll eat everything and lick the plate clean.

Negative girls communicate with their bodies as bait, but negative girls own their own bodies completely and can do whatever they want with them. The city is strewn with the corpses of boys who thought they owned negative girls. Negative girls like to boast about how much they've been getting. They insist on their right to be debauched. Negative girls demand to get fucked. "I want to get fucked!" they scream at you over the telephone, and running into your



apartment they hand you a rubber, wail "Wanna fuck?" and dash into the bedroom. Negative girls demand control. Negative girls want to get excited. Negative girls like to seduce young boys. Negative girls like to be little girls and fuck famous old men. Negative girls like to fuck drummers, singers and guitar players. Negative girls look for cute boys wherever they go. Negative girls rip off straight men whenever they can. Negative girls have sex with giant insects. Negative girls are treated like garbage and they come. Negative girls are fulfilling comic-book fantasies.

A negative girl would never think of getting married because she knows if she sits at home and watches television, knitting and washing up dishes and walking around the block with babies, she will become suicidally depressed, and her boyfriend will become

incredibly bored with her ugly pan and will hardly ever want to see it, let alone touch her creepy flesh. Negative girls are smart. They keep moving.

Grab a negative girl by the wrist, fling her onto the carpet, drag her across the floor and throw her out the door into the corridor and she will threaten to sue and walk around with a bandaged wrist for a week, but all she really wants is an apol-

Apart from photographs, negative girls like to collect confessions. They always make it seem like it's your fault and they are very persuasive so you often end up apologizing to negative girls. One girl saw Quadrophenia three times and blamed its destructive influence on the boy who had given her his ticket. Intercourse is when she is "used" by her partners, pregnancy is when she is "ill" and childbirth is when she "gets better."

Negative girls can be very violent very suddenly. The only way to handle this is to be equally violent. All negative boys have had to beat up negative girls. Zsa Zsa Gabor says "I love it!" and most negative girls make a big thing out of getting beaten up. Bruises are beautiful.

Is there any way to tell if a negative girl is homicidal?

There you are. No. That's what makes them so dangerous. Makes them change from being your friend into being your murderer in a second's time. We all hate to a certain extent. You'd be surprised at the murderous daydreams that some sweet old lady is indulging in, but it's only when hate is dammed up that it breaks out in murder. Imagine an infant enraged over some slight frustration like having a toy taken away. Then think of her with the strength and imagination of a negative girl. She would kill.

NEGATIVE GIRLS AND MONEY

Scientist: In order to maintain replacement fertility, financial incentives to encourage childbearing may eventually become necessary.

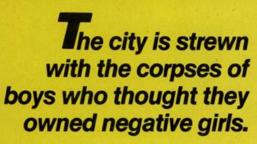
Negative girl: I'm a beautiful girl and I shouldn't have to do that.

Negative girls are not responsible. They deny any demands. They don't owe you anything. Try and find a negative girl on Thanksgiving Day. She shakes her fist at the sky and screams, "Thanks! Thanks a lot!" before running inside. Negative girls never have any money but they often "have some coming." The mysterious source of their supply is not easy to discover. Negative girls spot friends in the morgue and identify them for newspapers, making an extra buck on the side. Or sometimes their grandmother back in Wyoming died and they got \$2,000, all of which they will immediately spend on shoes, airplane tickets and drugs. Some negative girls have families living somewhere else who occasionally send them money, like maybe there's a baby in the background or they're getting paid to stay away. Negative girls are brave because they always live alone. Alone she goes to the hospital in a cab to have her baby, paying with a jarful of change. Inside the hospital no one tells her anything. She screams, the brat is stuffed in an incubator. Another negative girl is born.

Negative girls are holding out. Negative girls count their money and curse. They expect you to pay for everything and they expect it to be good or they will complain. A negative girl only reads the wine list to make sure the wine is expensive. She will not accept a house wine. She recommends and will only accept Fourex prophylactics, made from im-









ported lambskin (\$5 for three, but definitely won't break). If you ask her to pay for anything, a negative girl will be insulted. If she does give you any money, she will throw it at you, having taken 15 minutes to extract it from her boot. If you expect her to pay again, she will start to flirt with other men in the restaurant, or run uptown to turn a trick. Meaning rises out of what we don't understand.

NEGATIVE GIRLS ON TELEVISION

Negative girls are nervous, irritable and excited. They cannot just sit staring at television; they have to get up and go out and do something.

"OH GOD. WELL LET'S GO TO THE MUDD CLUB. FIRST ONE'S ON ME!" And all the girls run down the street for a drink.

Negative girls are much more interested in how horrible life is now than how terrible it was then, and this is, in my opinion, much to their credit. Did television come as voiceovers in your future? They rarely talk about the past. Of course you had a bad childhood; childhood is a bad time and people didn't have to pretend they had a good time until television put the alphabet in its grave.

Negative girls are appearing in increasing numbers on television. Look for these scenes: Crying on the toilet. Beating up on their kids. Really pretty but always tight-lipped. It must be the season of the witch. Sociologists say negative-girl beating is widespread, but a negative girl always wants a negative boy to take care of her, because she always has a lot of problems. It's just like the cop show on TV: A chick arrives with a problem. The policeman comes to her aid and helps her solve the problem. In the end the chick is always happy again.

But then another chick arrives with another problem for another sucker. Negative girls spin out their mythological routines on television. Negative girls are Cleopatra. They want to live in electric times and quiver in the silver light of morning with the haunted duchesses of history where television is Shakespeare.

NEGATIVE GIRLS IN THE FUTURE

A negative girl will never be happy. A negative girl will never be satisfied. A negative girl will never be afraid to admit she is bored, tired, depressed, broke and has V.D. again. Every negative girl carries a camera in her cunt, a tape recorder in her head, a loudspeaker in her mouth and television in her eyes. Negative girls are agents. Sex with them is continued on page 104





RPEN

Jim the barkeep at the Dead Deer Tavern had seen everything. So he hardly blinked when a gorilla and a kangaroo slid onto his stools and ordered some Buds. But when the Kangaroo started coming on to his cousin the nun, Jim had had enough.

ll the networks were trying to start rumors of war on the afternoon that the kangaroo came into Beryl's Dead Deer Tavern. Jim Beryl, the owner, stood at the sink behind the bar, washing glasses. The television was on, but the sound was turned off. Jim's favorite programs were "Hogan's Heroes" and "Gilligan's Island," and when one of them was being shown, he would turn the sound up and make everyone keep quiet. Neither was on at that moment; quiet reigned.

The Dead Deer wasn't quite deserted: At a table in the back, three of the local firewood salesmen and one of their young disciples were holding a wet seminar on the miseries of the matrimonial state. All three of the woodcutters had given the Dead Deer as their business address, and Jim had instructions, should anyone call wanting firewood or should one of their wives call, to say, "He just left." If the man wasn't in the Dead Deer when a call came for him, Jim was to say, "I ain't seen him." He was to take no messages.

Jim had just set the last of the glasses in the rack to dry when the front door swung open, letting in a billow of air from the street that was an unwelcome reminder of how stale and stagnant the air usually was in the tavern. When he saw who it was, Jim's eyes narrowed suspiciously. He glanced quickly over his shoulder to see if the woodcutters would be available to help if there was trouble.

The kangaroo stood just inside the door with both of his forepaws thrust into his pouch. His bright gaze made a brief circuit of the room, as if he were looking for someone in particular. Then he turned abruptly and hopped out.

im Beryl had a reputation for quick-wittedness, and not a few of the citizens of Livy had suffered from his ruthless repartee. A classic example of Jim's gift occurred some years before, when one of his customers had asked him if Beryl wasn't, in fact, a woman's name. "Fuck you!" Jim shot back, "I ain't no woman!" They still talked about that one. In and around Livy, it was tacitly agreed that a man had to be either crazy or blind drunk to try to get the better of Jim in a debate.

But the presence of a kangaroo in his tavern-however fleeting the visit-left even Jim Beryl at a loss for words. His fingers went limp, and the towel he was holding fell noiselessly to the floor. His mouth dropped open; his jaw worked; nothing came out. He was still trying to decide whether

what he had seen had been fact or vision when the kangaroo came back in, followed by an adult male gorilla wearing a Sam Browne belt

The two newcomers made it to the bar and slid onto adjoining stools. The kangaroo scratched his cheek and ordered two bottles of Budweiser.

im brought the two bottles and two glasses and set them down on the bar in front of the gorilla and the kangaroo, who paid with a five-dollar bill extracted from his pouch. When he came back with the change, Joe lingered. "Aren't you a kangaroo?" he asked, finally.

"Yes, I am," said the kangaroo. "What did you think I was—a wallaby?"

"No, no!" protested Beryl, "'Course not!"

"I should hope not, anyway," said the kangaroo, "If you know anything at all about wallabies, you know they're short and very silly."

The gorilla made a Bronx cheer with his lips, and the kangaroo shot him a hard glance. The gorilla made a mock salute with his beer.

"I didn't think you was from around here," said Jim, some of his old fire returning.

The kangaroo nodded absently. He pulled a pack of Kents from his pouch and lighted one with a disposable butane. "Where is 'around here,' if you don't mind my asking?"

Jim's eyebrows raced up across his half-inch of forehead to mingle with his hairline. "Pardon?"

"What's the name of this town?"

"Oh," said Jim Beryl. "It's called Livy."

"Are we still in Michigan?"

"You sure are," said Jim, with a condescending laugh. "Where did you think you were?"

"Don't ask me," said the kangaroo. He flicked a paw in the gorilla's direction. "King Kong here's been in charge of the map."

The gorilla rumbled impatiently, rolling his eyes toward the ceiling.

hat brings you boys to this part of the country?" asked Jim, after he had brought them their second round.

The kangaroo inhaled a huge volume of smoke, letting it rush out in a long, weary sigh. He hated having always to give an account of his presence, wherever he went. In a flat voice, he said: "We're both from the San Diego Zoo—born and raised there. All of a sudden we found out we've been transferred to Toronto. We're on leave right now, but we've got to be there next Monday morning." He examined the ash on the tip of his cigarette. "It's an enormous bore, you know, being uprooted like this. They might have asked us."

"Yeah," said Jim, ready as any bartender to commiserate at the drop of a hat. "Why didn't they just ship you on a truck?"

"Are you kidding?" demanded the kangaroo indignantly. "I just put five hundred dollars into my car. What am I supposed to do—just leave it there?"

"Ya gotta point," said Jim, nodding, "But I'm gonna letcha in onna little secret: Livy ain't on the way from Dago to Toronto."

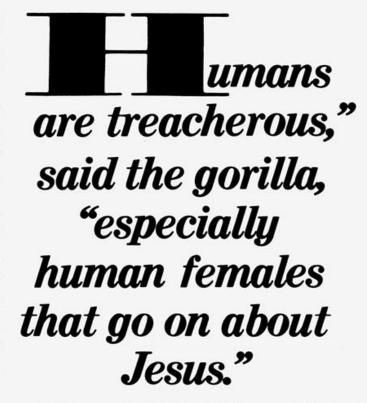
"I know, I know," said the kangaroo. "But my simian companion insists that there's some kind of primate center around here—he says his mother lives there, and that this is probably the only chance he'll have to see her before she dies."

Jim turned to the gorilla. "Your ma, hunh? She sick?"

The gorilla unbuttoned one of the pockets on his belt and brought out a bag of Bull Durham and a package of cigarette papers. Not troubling to even acknowledge Jim Beryl's existence, let alone his questions, he began to roll a cigarette.

"Gorillas don't live much more than twenty years," said the kangaroo.

"Ah," said Jim, "Life's a piece of shit anyway." A shout from the back took him away at that point, so that when the woman came in, there was no one in the front of the tavern except the gorilla and the kangaroo.



he wore a black skirt, a white blouse, and a black vest. Her shoes were black too, and her hair, clipped very short, was black speckled with silver. She had a small face, tight and stark. And the first thing that the kangaroo thought when he looked into her shiny dark eyes was that she was probably crazy.

She came in hesitantly, advancing slowly along the bar until she was about five feet from the kangaroo. And then she stopped, folded her arms, and said: "I have come to bear witness to the divinity of Jesus Christ, light of the world and savior of mankind." She said it very quietly.

The kangaroo turned to the gorilla. "Did you hear that?"

The gorilla nodded impassively, saying nothing. Most people assumed that he was a mute, but this wasn't true. He could speak quite well, if he chose. But he never talked to humans, and never let humans hear him talk, if he could help it. He didn't trust humans at all. After a moment, he leaned over and murmured in the kangaroo's ear. "Give me some quarters—I'm going to go shoot some pool." When the change was handed over, he took his beer and shuffled back to the pool table.

When the kangaroo turned back to the woman, he found she was standing right beside his stool, staring at him in wonder. "You look like a kangaroo," she said.

The kangaroo looked her up and down before replying: "You look like a nun."

The woman turned very pale, then blushed furiously. "I am a nun," she said. "At least—I was."

ell," said the kangaroo, "I am a kangaroo. Always have been."

"A miracle!" exclaimed the nun. "You've been sent from God!"

The kangaroo shook his head. "No," he said. "Sorry—I was sent by the director of the San Diego Zoo. Still, as far as I'm concerned, it amounts to the same thing."

"But, what are you doing in Livy?"

"My alternator went out. I'm having a new one put in at the station at the corner."

"I still feel guilty all of the time," confessed the nun.

"I'm sure you do," said the kangaroo. "Can I buy you a drink?"
The nun climbed nimbly onto the stool to the left of the kangaroo. "A little white wine would be nice."

ello, Sally," said Jim, returning from his foray in the back.

"I was looking for Hal," said the nun.

Jim set the wine on the bar and blinked. "I ain't seen him," he said. When the kangaroo paid for the nun's drink, Jim gave the two of them a shrewd, nasty look before moving a few paces away. His stance and expression conveyed quite pointedly that he considered it his duty to keep an eye on them.

"Hal is my husband," said the nun.

"I see."

"Hal and Jim are first cousins."

The kangaroo caught himself lighting his next cigarette off the butt of the last, and he realized that something was making him very nervous. He sipped his beer, then asked: "Were you released from your vows, or did you break them?"

"I was released."

'You know, when I first saw you, I was sure you were a nun. Then, when you said something about 'bearing witness,' I thought I must have been wrong, and that you were a Protestant."

"Most of my friends are Protestants," said the nun, then stopped and glared at the kangaroo as if she expected him to either contradict or chastise her. When he said nothing, she shrugged and said: "I guess some of it has rubbed off on me. I've even stopped going to Mass."

The gorilla came for more quarters, and the kangaroo told him that he was going out for a minute to check on the car. He put some money on the counter, and told the nun that he would be right back. "Have some more wine," he said. "It'll calm you down."

hen the kangaroo got back to the Dead Deer, the nun was still sitting on the same stool. She was just starting on her third drink, judging from the two empty glasses Jim had not cleared away. "All fixed up?" she asked pleasantly, with a suggestion of a slur in her diction.

"Seems to be," said the kangaroo, dubiously, "God knows, that's the most expensive alternator I've ever bought." He resumed his seat.

"Is that gorilla a friend of yours?" asked the nun.

"Let's say we're together."

"He seems so dignified—so in touch with his own nature. He must be very powerful."

"He's pretty strong, all right. I once saw him tear apart a Volkswagen, just trying to get in. He can't even drive."

'Ooooh!" said the nun. The kangaroo could hear the rasp of her nylons as she rubbed her thighs together. "Has he ever killed anyone?"

The kangaroo felt that the conversation had taken a rather sinister turn. "How do you like it here in Livy?" he asked.

An alarming expression gripped the nun's pinched features. She grabbed the kangaroo's paw and leaned very close to him. "I hate it," she said, through clenched teeth. "I pray every night for the earth to crack and swallow it all whole. I pray for a plague to come and strike them all down like dogs."

"Why not leave?" suggested the kangaroo, instantly regretting his words. He had just realized that the woodcutters had left their table and had silently formed a semicircle around the nun and him.

But it was too late. The nun merely grasped him that much tighter and fairly shouted: "Yes, oh yes! I'll leave with you! Take me out of this horrible place."

ery slowly, the kangaroo got down from his stool. He faced the woodcutters, and began to rock back onto his tail. In the back, the gorilla set his cue quietly on the table and took up a position near the jukebox.

The biggest woodcutter scratched the stubble on his cheek. "You're outta line, Fuzzy," he said. "Way out."

"Am I?" said the kangaroo.

"Sure as hell," said the man, grinding one huge, gnarly fist into the other palm. "I don't know how it is where you come from, but in Livy, we frown on perverts like you messing around with our

"You mean," said the kangaroo, "that you intend to teach me a lesson? One I won't soon forget?"

"Fuckin-A, I am," bellowed the man, beginning a huge roundhouse at the kangaroo's nose.

The kangaroo moved faster than any eye could register. He rocked all the way back on his tail, so that both of his long feet left the floor, doubled all the way up, seeming to hang suspended in the air, then kicked out with his feet, hitting the assailant squarely in the chest, cracking most of his ribs and knocking him in a flat arc across twenty feet of space to crash against the far wall.

The young disciple lumbered forward. He weighed about two hundred eighty pounds and was, from the look of him, severly retarded. Making an attempt to get the kangaroo in a bearhug, he found himself being slapped silly by a lightning combination of lefts and rights from the marsupial's forepaws. He passed out from sheer confusion and fell to the floor.

Whatever the other two woodcutters might have attempted, the gorilla foiled them by grabbing one in either hand and tossing them headfirst into the mirror behind the bar.

Jim Beryl was nowhere to be seen.

On his way out of the tavern, the gorilla obeyed the kangaroo's shouted command and tucked the nun up under his arm. Once out the door, he set her down again.

he kangaroo had parked his car right outside the Dead Deer. Halfway across the sidewalk, the nun stopped and shouted "Wait!" The gorilla was already in the passenger seat and paid no attention to her, but the kangaroo whirled around in mid hop, coming down facing the nun. "What's the matter?" he demanded, "My car's right here."

"I can't go with you," said the nun, her voice full of tragic bravery. "My place is here. These are my people. I can't just run out on them like this!" She clasped her hands in front of her chest and the light of martyrdom shone from her eyes.

For one second, the kangaroo stared at her; then he shrugged and said, "Suit yourself," and made it to the driver's seat in two hops. He'd left the key in the ignition, and they were instantly away in a wail of screaming tires, and the nun vanished in a cloud of burned rubber.

or five miles or so, the gorilla watched out the rear window. Finally, he turned around and said: "Nobody." "I'm not as fast as a shotgun," said the kangaroo.

"Nobody," said the gorilla, again.

"Okay." The kangaroo eased off the accelerator. "That's getting harder all the time," he said. "I must be getting old."

The gorilla took a cigar from the glove compartment and rolled it between his fingers. He sniffed it critically from end to end before biting a delicate little hole in the butt. Emitting grunts of pleasure, he stoked up the cigar and sat back in his seat, watching the flat farmland roll past the window. He puffed thoughtfully for a few minutes, filling the car with the rich, green smoke. At length, he spoke: "Towns like that are closed systems, and you know what Newton said about closed systems."

"Refresh my memory."

The gorilla reached across to the ashtray and knocked a chunk of ash off his cigar. "Did you really invite her to go with us?" he asked.

"No," said the kangaroo, emphatically. "She said she hated the place, so I suggested she leave. That was all."

"Humans are treacherous," said the gorilla, shaking his massive head. He seemed to be recalling one of his own experiences with human invidiousness. "Especially human females, and especially human females that go on about Jesus. You were really asking for it."

"What can I say?" said the kangaroo. "You're absolutely right." The gorilla nodded. Holding his cigar clamped between his

teeth, he took their map off the dashboard and unfolded it on his lap. After a moment's study, he looked up at his companion and asked: "I don't suppose you happened to ask her where the primate center was?"

Irv Yarg House Son Too McCarthy had a

And you thought Sen. Joe McCarthy had a drug problem. Wait till you see the grocery list of pharmaceuticals the Führer was ingesting. They didn't call it the "master race" for nothing.

Rock stars and matinee idols can skyrocket from complete obscurity to
cast their shadow over the lives of
millions. A meteoric rise to fame, however,
can often create an unexpectedly strenuous
lifestyle. Nerve-tearing pressures and schedules are frequently difficult to cope with
and, often enough, these stardusted spotlighters are compelled to seek the aid of artificial nostrums, cushioning drugs, numbing beverages, unorthodox sexual behavior, and a wide variety of other colorful distractions.

But squeal-inciting, wigged-over media gnats are not the only cultural symbols prone to such assorted diversions. It happens (according to some of the most outlandish rumors you can imagine) to politicians, to poets and accountants, mailmen and mothers, to culprits and dupes, even to fascist dictators of extraordinary talent...

One such dictator that comes immediately to mind is the Austrian, Adolf Hitler. In March of 1945 this man, whose furious energies at the podium had literally hypnotized hundreds of thousands of enthusiastic Deutschlanders only a few short years before, paced the bowels of an underground fortification in Berlin slack-eyed and muttering. His complexion had acquired a sallow discoloration. Drool flecked the cor-

ners of his mouth as he went wandering about in a bent shuffle while absently whistling "Who's Afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf?" (no kidding), occasionally pausing to stroke his tremor-wracked hands nostalgically over the wooden model of a German city (Linz) he had once hoped to rebuild for the glorious New Reich.

Seesaw. His moods swung like a pendulum. From an agitated eye-shifting paranoia to an eerie, lethargic calm, the 56-year-old ex-wizard pulsed as each new wave of effect washed through his system. Up and down, sidesliding, diagonal vaulting, jerky, twisting circles of thought spun all around this wretched, phlegm-clogged shambles of a Reich Master.

Crazy Adolf was melting. The iceman faced the fire. There, before the worried eyes of adoring followers and panicking bootlickers, the mighty Führer faded from reality in alternating rages of a blazed-out, "scorched earth," speeding sort of anquish to a mumbling mellow numbness laced insistently with great splotches of brimstone and euphoric mist. Collapsing upon himself like a burned-out star, he became an almost pitiful ghost of the former "great man," wandering along the corridors with red-rimmed eyes and soup-stained lapels; the victim of a drug-induced system of

mind control which fell increasingly out of balance.

Visitors to the Führerbunker during this period uniformly expressed their astonishment at the signs of rapid deterioration in this living German legend. It seemed that just yesterday Hitler had emerged from the masses to challenge the destiny of the world with table-thumping vigor, shrewd, piercing eyes and a tumultuous, soaring cadence of speech. He had been known to appear younger than his years but, as if his contract with the nefarious dribbling denizens of the netherworld had run out, by 1943 he began to age rapidly and visibly. A tremor had developed in his left side. By 1945 it was so severe that, in an effort to control the shaking, he had taken to wrapping his own leg around the leg of the table at which he stood addressing his command. Was this Adolf Hitler? The Führer? This, this ghastly, quivering old man?

Hitler's own adjutant Gerhard Boldt described the state his chief had fallen into by mentioning "an indescribably flickering stare in his eyes that is at the same time shocking and completely unnatural." A visiting physician depicted him "bathed in sweat, the saliva literally poured from his mouth." He stared dully.

Dr. Ernst-Guenther Schenck, an internist and nutritionist who observed him in the bunker in late April, was instantly alarmed at his appearance. When he had left the scene, the Führer's image still burned into his mind and he could not help recalling a final vision: "The ruined hulk of a man I saw standing near the spiral stairs struck me—as it would have struck any experienced doctor—as a patient suffering from morphine-withdrawal symptoms."

There is a likely explanation for that appearance. Hitler had recently been deprived of the care of the notorious Dr. Morell. Things had been getting hot in Berlin and the sensitive and ever calculating physician decided that this would be an ideal occasion to vacation in a cooler climate. Hitler's hangout had taken on the air of a sunken concrete ship and tuned-in rodents always seem to know when to take their leave.

After Hitler's medical sidekick had fled the bunker before the Allied advance, the man with the Chaplin mustache was left in the care of an oversized orthopedic surgeon named Stumpfegger (who behaved generally like a groupie) and the aged Dr. Werner Haase (who was himself dying of tuberculosis). Haase was also of the opinion that Morell, who had his own morphine habit, was including morphia in his repeated drug-injected treatment of the Nazi leader and that Hitler, like his old buddies Dietrich Eckart and Hermann Göring, had become addicted.

MORELL WAS KNOWN TO USE AN INCREDible variety of chemicals in his care of the Führer, and Hitler's supply of powders and pills was enormous. But Morell was espe-



cially fond of injections. Göring, who knew from needles, used to call him "The Master of the Imperial Needle." He seemed always to be on hand when the situation called for a quick reach into his mysterious black bag. When Czechoslovakian president Emil Hácha had been badgered to the point of collapse under the pressure of "negotiations" with the German invaders and became faint, it was the trusty needle of Morell which revived him enough to sign the agreement desired by Hitler.

Morell's chemical bent was not unique to Nazi Germany. The Germans' passion for chemicals was evidenced by the massive amounts of stimulants afforded their troops during the war. Methedrine was first widely used by the German army. Methedrine was originally named Dolophine after Adolf Hitler. They even invented negative ionizers to combat pilot fatigue in closed cockpits, using a lead-lined radium box to ward against positive ion buildup from the instruments. An even less orthodox approach to problems was exhibited by the spectrum of potions and somnambulistic treatment preferred by Dr. Morell.

A formidably unattractive, shambling man, Dr. Theodor Morell had known Hitler from the earliest days of the Nazi movement. Although the public Hitler had always denounced secret societies, before his rise to prominence he attended many of their meetings and closely associated with the members of a number of strange, nationalist, mystical groups. It was in these circles that Hitler met Heinrich Hoffmann, who was to become his personal photographer and lifelong friend, and, through Hoffmann, Eva Braun and Dr. Morell.

Morell, a man whom most historians unhesitatingly describe as a quack, was the son of a schoolteacher of Huguenot extraction. He studied at a Swiss clinic under the Russian Ilya Mechnikov and later specialized in venereal diseases, a fact which, when coupled with Hitler's uncontrollable shaking and erratic behavior, would raise some eyebrows to the possibility that he was suffering from advanced stages of neurosyphilis. Taking full advantage of his intimate acquaintance with his Führer, he made his fortune manufacturing chocolate vitamins, strychnine-based pep pills, lice powder and other patent medicines. He even boasted of having been the original discoverer of penicillin only to have the credit stolen by the sneaky, lowlife British.

Morell was not above feeding Hitler substances that had been banned from the German market as dangerously harmful, ineffective or both. One such remedy, a sulfa drug called Ultraseptyl, which Hitler took because Morell assured him it would prevent maladies such as kidney stones and reduce respiratory inflammations, and which was condemned by the Leipzig University faculty as causing nerve damage, could easily have contributed to the chronic and progressive degeneration of the nervous system apparent in Hitler's later years.

HITLER
HAD A MESS OF
STRYCHNINE AND
BELLADONNA PILLS
AND WAS POPPING
THEM LIKE DINNER
MINTS.

Dr. Karl Gebhardt, personal physician to the occult-oriented Heinrich Himmler, attended Hitler during a later period and, curiously enough, dryly complained that the ailing leader had little regard for traditional doctors and instead placed his faith in a puzzling sort of "mystic medicine." Indeed, the testimony of witnesses who describe the Führer staring, as if entranced, at a candlelit portrait of Frederick the Great (who he fancied himself a reincarnation of) and a vial of his own blood drawn by Morell paint a suggestive picture. But the most arresting feature of Morell's treatment was the variety and bulk of drugs he employed.

In the struggle against Hitler's concern with circulatory and respiratory complaints, Morell administered liberal amounts of Sympatol (p-hydroxyphenyl methylamino ethanol tartrate), a heart stimulant; Strophanthin and Septoid, which the doctor believed would combat the development of hardened arteries; Coramine (diethylnicotinamide) and unlimited use of Cardiazol (pentamethylenetetrazol) to stimulate brain centers controlling these worrisome problems of breath and blood.

He was also regularly plied with multivitamins of Morell's design; pills containing A, D₃ and B₁₂ with camomile enemas, glucose injections, Vitamultin-calcium which combined A, B complex, C, D, E, K, P, and a phosphorus supplement called Tonophosphan (sodium salt of diemethylaminomethylphenylphosphinic acid).

Add to these agents a list of "preventive" antibiotics and sulfonamides; narcotics and analgesics such as Eukodal (a thebaine derivative), Gallestol for bladder pain; Optalidon (a combination of amidopyrines and barbiturates). Stir in some Brom-Nervacit (aminopyrine, potassium bromide, sodium barbitone) as a tranquilizer and hypnotic and various sleeping powders and amphetamines to power the roller coaster rail of daily activity and we begin to see why Adolf sometimes listed a little to port on his way to the war room.

NOR WAS HITLER'S INTAKE OF DRUGS confined to the scribblings on Morell's prescription pad. A number of other physicians were contributing to the cause. One notable example that led to excess occurred when the dictator began to suffer a persistent pain in his forehead. Dr. Erwin Giesing, a Berlin physician who attended the Führer when a briefcase exploded under Hitler's table during an assassination attempt, diagnosed sinus damage and recommended cocaine. A quantity of the substance was given to the Führer's personal valet, Heinz Linge, to be kept with the rest of the drugstore in Linge's drawer. It wasn't long before the pressured leader of the crumbling Reich was asking with increasing frequency for more of "that cocaine stuff."

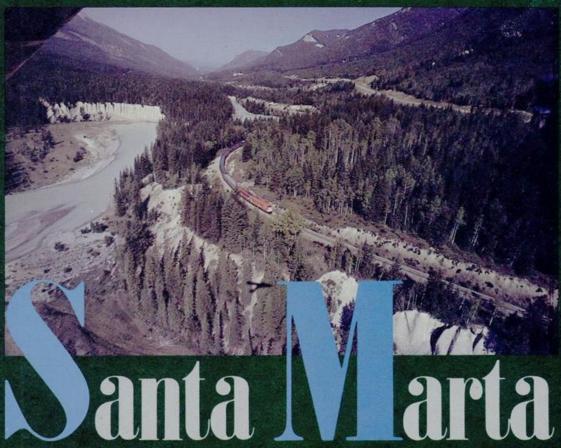
We may as well also mention in passing a fascinating but undocumented claim linking Hitler and psychedelics that was advanced in a popular, if controversial, book by Trevor Ravenscroft in 1972. According to his *Spear of Destiny*, Ravenscroft's friend and mentor Dr. Walter Johannes Stein had encountered both Hitler and a bookstore proprietor named Ernst Pretzsche in Vienna prior to World War I. In the Stein scenario it was Pretzsche, who had been raised in Mexico City where his father ran a pharmacy and studied the customs and rituals of the Aztecs, that introduced the young Hitler to the use of peyote.

The fact that, beyond the information confided to him by Stein and that which was available through other, more verifiable sources, some of Ravenscroft's researches were conducted by "psychic" means has understandably caused his assertions to be ignored by most traditional historians. But, unacceptable as the idea may be in such a form, it is still provocative to recall Hitler's well-documented obsession with the opening of the mystical "third eye" and his own "intuitive" powers and that a number of British and German individuals and groups, some of which he associated with, were already experimenting with peyote and, in those days, one didn't need a drug company like Morell's to import it. Astrological publications of the 1920s in Munich proclaimed the value of the drug in developing clairvoyance and other dubious occult talents, published addresses in Germany where it could be easily obtained, and included a method of portrait gazing that is reminiscent of Hitler's practice with the Frederick painting. All of this together inspires some circumstantial speculation, which of course is nothing more than that, but it also provides a perspective that renders Ravenscroft's claims just a smidgen less preposterous.

Actually, Hitler didn't need peyote to get himself bent entirely out of shape. He had enough of his buddy Morell's remedies coming his way to warp the brain plates of a bionic man. Just the drugs that Morell admits to are mind boggling. For instance,

continued on page 74

The Lost Treasure of



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The express to a time when Colombians were proud of their marimba, and their harvests were legendary.







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COCAINE PRODUCES PARANOIA, THE POLICE SAY WE COULD ALL CATCH IT! WE NEED NUCLEAR STRIKES ON THE FIELDS!







Another view...

WE MUST PROTECT THE ANDEAN CULTURE!

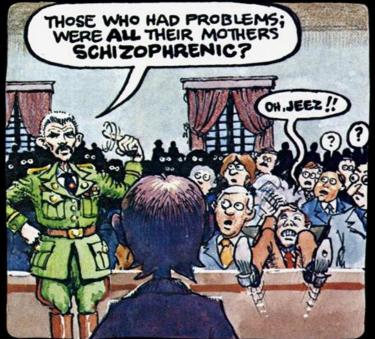
NUTRIENTS AND HAS MEDICAL USES!! IN OUR LAB, THE MONKEYS REGULATED THEIR INTAKE OF COCA AND COCAINE. NONE OF THEM EVER WENT APE!!





SMALL AMOUNTS OF THE POWDER!
SOME DEVELOP PROBLEMS,
UKE SORE NOSES!!

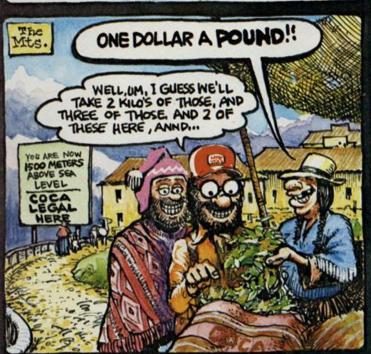


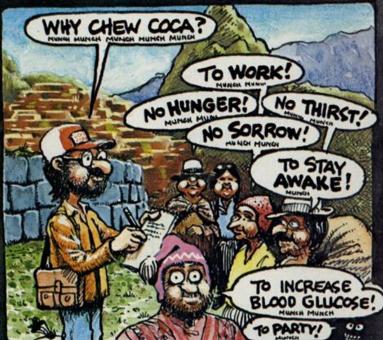


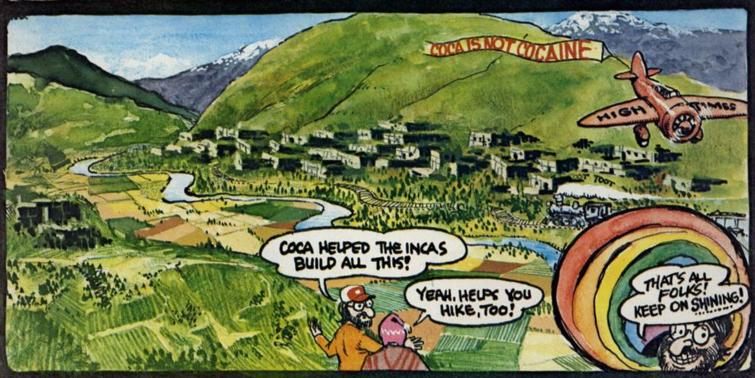












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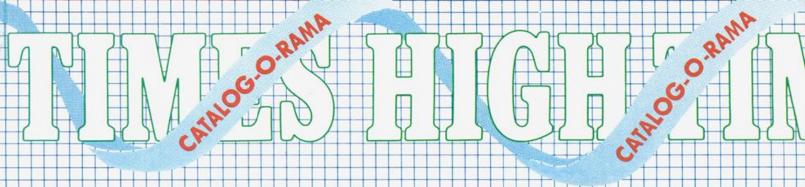
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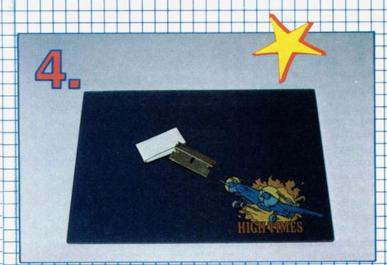
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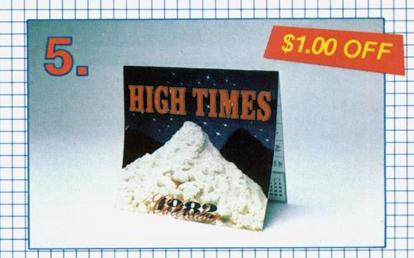
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CALIFORNIAS TZOUCEZS TROUCEZS BYJOE DELICATO

He sits at a large, oval-shaped table-marijuana on one side, cocaine on the other-preparing to host the autumn drug extravaganza that has taken place every year for the past three years on this thickly wooded mountaintop. He is a commercial pot farmer, earning a modest \$25,000 a season from his crop, and he has invited-by word of mouth-his friends and neighbors, marijuana growers all of them, to celebrate yet another successful harvest.

I am here as a professional observer of the contemporary California scene and, yes, quite frankly, to determine as accurately as possible how much marijuana and cocaine I can make available to body and soul in one evening of debauchery. Punishment is what I'm after and my host—the roller of fat joints, the dispenser of large, white lines-is most eager to assist me. He lays out a generous helping of coke "to get you going," he says, and then proceeds to roll, with the aid of a tiny bamboo gadget he calls "my little friend," the first marijuana cigarette of the evening. Two quick puffs and I feel the effects from head to toe.

At 5:30 it is already dark, but the house, built by our host, with a little help from his friends, is lighted by a generator that provides plenty of electricity. And all the cozy warmth we need comes from a wood-burning stove in the middle of the living room.

The hostess, a woman in her 40s, offers me a glass of apple cider. "During the growing season we don't all get together to party," she says. "We're too busy working in our own gardens and usually we're paranoid about busts and ripoffs and don't allow ourselves the luxury of getting totally wasted, but after the harvest's in, watch out. The growers' party is a kind of ritual, something we've got to do for our own sanity."

More guests arrive: a man with a full beard and tinted glasses, his blond wife, and their two daughters. "It's a national holiday," the man proclaims as he offers the best of his homegrown pot, his ticket of admission, to the host and takes a small hit on the joint that is pushed in his direction. "Idon't want to smoke too much right away, or I'll never make it through the night," he says. "There's a lot more coming and I want to sample all of it."

But there is no begging off tonight. Our host makes him feel he's violating the dope growers' code if he doesn't give his all, and so he wraps his lips around the joint, pulls the smoke deep into his lungs and gives us a smile of utter satisfaction.

Still more guests congregate: families with young children, backwoods singles, but mostly couples pioneering in the wilderness—the men wearing faded jeans, Pendleton shirts and leather boots, the women more elegantly attired, some of them with exotically braided hair, their bodies decked out with jewelry.

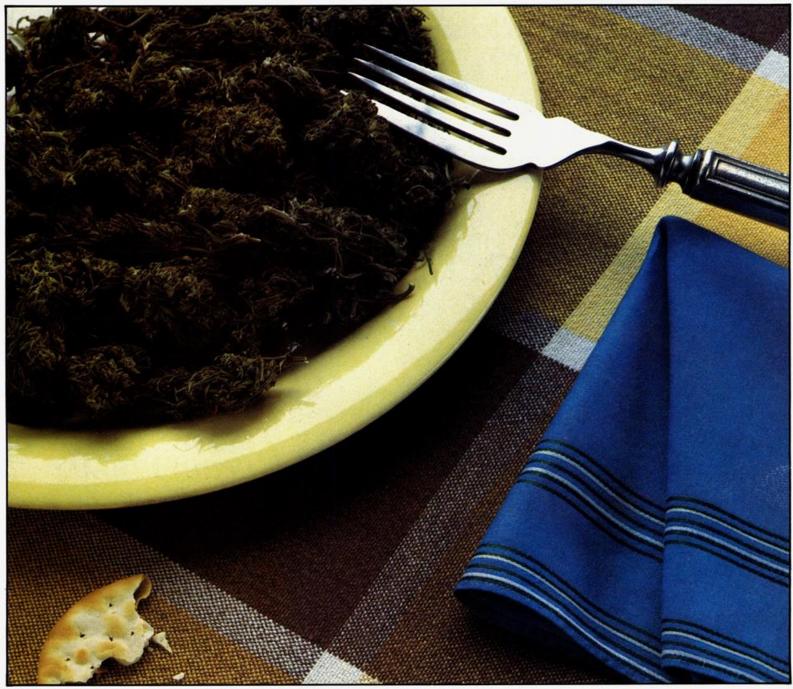
Everyone brings a bag of his or her very best, as though the crop were a token, or sign, of their own inner worth. And like a benevolent feudal lord, our bearded host takes it all, smells it, marvels at the color and the shape, then carefully removes the dried flowers from the stems and rolls a succession of fat joints. He takes a hit—"very tasty," he says—then hands it to his lady. She puts the joint to her mouth and works it as diligently as the most macho of marijuana smokers, proving the valor of her sex.

The smoking and the snorting is most intense at the oval table, and though this is good, clean fun, there is a competitive edge. No one, certainly not the host or the hostess, keeps an official scorecard, and yet we are all keeping an unofficial eye on one another, aware of who has lagged behind and who has taken the lead. Clearly, our host is the man to beat, and so I sit down at his right hand and engage him-one on one. Within a matter of minutes I'm led from the table gasping and coughing in dire need of fresh air.

When he is not rolling, smoking or handing out joints, the host is spooning out, chopping and lining up cocaine. Oddly enough, it is the sound of the razor blade on the mirror that one hears above everything else, above the din of conversation (mostly marijuana shop talk), even above the Grateful Dead and Bob Marley records blasting on the stereo. (Without the coke one would quickly pass out for the night. By offering us the best Peruvian he's got, the host serves as a kind of trainer, preparing his fighters to get back into the ring for one more round.)

Don't ask me why—there's simply no accounting for taste—but some of the guests are content to smoke grass and let the others do the coke that had been destined for their nasal passages. Naturally, the coke fiends couldn't be happier. What they do is balance coke against pot, seesawing up and down, always aiming for that elusive spot of perfect equilibrium.

A short, stocky man with a goatee and a crescent-shaped scar on his cheek sits down at the table, displaying his wares



and explaining how he's crossbred Cannabis sativa with Cannabis indica to create new strains that will soon be native to California.

We get to talking and he explains how he got started in the business. Drafted into the army in 1969 and stationed in Europe, he soon developed a strong aversion to barracks life and discovered that a daily dosage of pot was the best antidote-short of going home. But his captain caught him smoking reefer and threatened to ship him to Vietnam. "I told him to fuck himself," the veteran tells me. "So he backed down, left me alone to do my thing." Soon the soldier set up a hash-smuggling operation, and after his discharge brought

his new skills back to California and put them to work in the pot business.

"There's no business like it," he says. "There's no expensive machinery to buy, no book-keeping to do and no necessity to advertise. It's all cash and no bills to pay. Hell, if it hadn't been for weed, I'd be in debt for the rest of my life."

Everyone on the mountain is indebted to pot, and by smoking up a storm tonight they are, in effect, paying homage to it, acknowledging its power over their lives. Indeed, I am in the power of the pot god now, more stoned than I had thought was humanly possible, enjoying myself immensely and yet a bit uneasy about the fact that I am losing

my sense of time and space. I begin wondering, "Am I losing control, will I ever be able to find my way home from this infernal mountain?" My eyes fix on the clock across the room. Everything slows down; "Cuckoo-cuckoo-cuckoo." The sound of the host's voice brings me to my senses. "Round two will be starting soon."

All the marijuana on the oval table is California homegrown, but the original, germinating seeds are from all over the world—Colombia, Mexico, Thailand, Vietnam, Nepal, Pakistan, India and Afghanistan. Afghani weed is, if not the best, at least the most popular, the most widely cultivated variety amongst these growers.

"Try this one," a newcomer insists. "It's Malawi." No one knows for sure where Malawi is, and though the grower swears it's east of India, he can't find it on the big globe perched on top of the color TV.

We are all gathered around the table, staring at the mountain of marijuana. "No one leaves here until all this pot is consumed," the host says in a tone of voice that tells me he just might be serious. So I make a tactical retreat to the kitchen to war on another front, filling my plate with stuffed mushrooms, cheese wafers and banana loaf. And for dessert an array of sweets that would satisfy the most insatiable of sugar addicts.

continued on next page

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GROW AMERICAN

continued from preceding page

Around midnight there's a knock on the door and in from the rain comes a tall, thin man with a golden beard. Off comes his felt cap and his black cape, and from the folds of a red velvet shirt he produces a cigarette case that matches the color of his beard. Inside the case the joints are stacked up one against the other, as neatly rolled as can be, and it is with the impeccable grace of a courtier, or of a gentleman out of the fantasy world of J.R.R. Tolkien, that the stranger offers a smoke to our host.

"My African," he says, "I think you'll enjoy it."

They are dropping off like flies. I am dropping off like a fly. I can smoke no more, snort no more. So I undress and go into the sauna that my host has had fired up for the last few hours. I feel the heat penetrate to the bone, I feel the weight fall from my shoulders. Cleansed, I dry off and get dressed again.

"NO ONE LEAVES HERE UNTIL ALL THIS POT IS CONSUMED."

It is a few minutes after three in the morning and the rain is pounding down. I borrow a yellow slicker and walk back to the cabin I have been given for the night, with only a flashlight to guide me. But I find my way, build a fire and fall soundly asleep.

Late the next morning I return to the scene of the festivities and find my host still seated at the oval table. "You're just in time for the first joint of the day," he tells me. Clearly he is the undisputed Pot King of the Mountain.

"I have never smoked that much marijuana," I confess a bit sheepishly.

"I never have either," the hostess says.
"In fact, I've never seen that much marijuana consumed in one evening." And she goes on to tell me that out of 49 varieties that were sampled, the consensus is Vietnamese is the best.

A man I have already met from the night before arrives and announces, "I woke up this morning with an incredible craving for marijuana."

"You've come to the right place," the host says, and tosses a bag of marijuana on the table. There's at least a pound there and I know I had better get out before it is too late. \square



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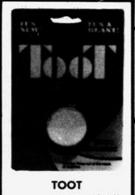
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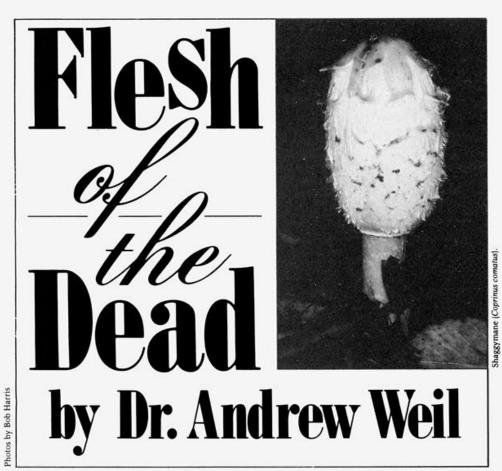
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The Mexicans call it <u>la carne de los muertos</u>: "flesh of the dead." Ethnobotanist Andrew Weil, author of <u>The Natural Mind</u>, learned to respect the mushroom's magic one night in the smoky hut of a poor <u>curandera</u> of Oaxaca.

GORDON WASSON, WHO REDISCOVERED THE RITUAL USE OF PSYCHEDELIC MUSHROOMS IN MEXICO, WROTE SOME YEARS ago that people can be divided into mycophiles and mycophobes—mushroom lovers and mushroom haters.¹ There seems to be no middle ground. To some individuals and to some entire cultures, mushrooms are not fit for human consumption, and the idea of eating them is disgusting. This deeply felt revulsion might be linked with fear of being poisoned. Stories of mushroom poisonings evoke images of ghastly deaths, and I know some persons who shun even cultivated mushrooms in the fear that they might really be "toadstools."

I am a longtime mycophile. To me, mushrooms are strangely beautiful, fascinating, delicious. I prefer wild ones to cultivated ones and find myself curious to sample some of the species that books call poisonous. To me, fear of toadstools looks irrational. The percentage of mushrooms that are deadly is very small, and the deadly species can easily be learned and avoided. As for some of the other "poisonous" ones—well, one man's toxin is another man's psychedelic. But I readily admit that mushrooms are strange, magical and, therefore, dangerous.

Perhaps because I do not eat meat, I am particularly sensitive to the meaty nature of cooked mushrooms. They resemble animal flesh more than anything vegetable, and I find them quite satisfying as the principal component of a meal. When I was eating many wild mushrooms, I was

happy, healthy and creatively productive. Mushrooms filled my senses and thoughts and imagination. I spent many hours in the company of people who were similarly involved with mushrooms, some of them people with whom I had nothing else in common. Mycophilia cuts across all social, cultural, age and class lines, forging real bonds of communication among otherwise disparate individuals.

In view of the intensity of cravings that some of us experience for mushrooms, it is puzzling to read nutritional analyses of them, for nutritionists make mushrooms out to be very uninteresting. According to them, mushrooms contain only 66 calories per pound, mostly as protein, along with trace minerals and vitamins. This information leads many people to conclude that mushrooms have little worth as food and are merely useful as flavorful garnishes.

Now, the question of the food value of mushrooms really is a question about the energy content of mushrooms, for calories are a measure of available energy. Nutritionists are saying that mushrooms contain little energy relative to other foodstuffs. Yet it is clear to me that mushrooms are high in some kind of energy.

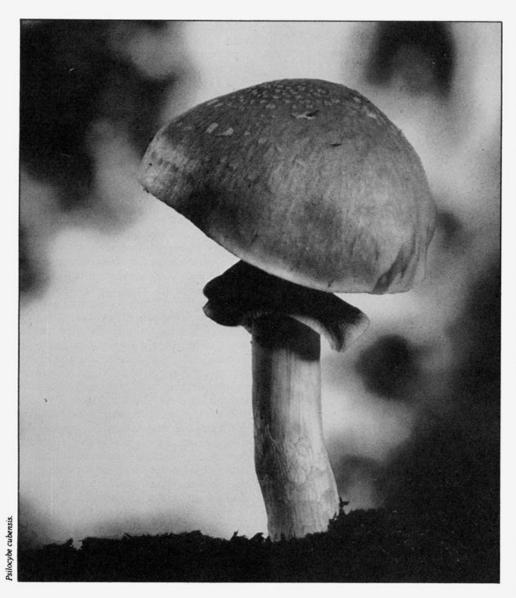
I have often eaten shaggymanes (Coprinus comatus). These delicate mushrooms and other inky caps are distinguished by the peculiar habit of melting into inky black liquid as they mature. Shaggymanes come out of the ground overnight in bunches that look just like white eggs. They elongate rapidly and may be a foot above ground by mid morning. By the end of the day, there may be nothing left of them but a puddle of black liquid. This tendency to dissolve is related to their high water content, which makes them tricky to handle. They must be gathered quickly, taken home and cooked almost immediately. Any delay or mishandling in their preparation will leave you with a puddle of black liquid in your kitchen. But these fragile mushrooms come out of the ground with such relentless force that they can push up asphalt. If a driveway is laid over one of their fruiting spots, it can

Once, in suburban Washington, D.C., I found an enormous mass of brilliant orange mushrooms bursting from the stump of a dead tree on a residential street. Each cap was six inches across on a long stalk that joined many others at the base. There must have been well over a hundred in the mass. I gathered an armful, took them home and pored over my mushroom books in hopes of making an identification. I was in luck because they were so distinctive in their appearance and habit of growth. They were the jack-o'-lantern mushroom (Omphalotus olearius or Clitocybe illudens), and my book told me they should glow in the dark. I took a large cluster of them into a dark room. To

be broken up by the emerging mushrooms.

That is evidence of energy.

Adapted by permission of the author from The Marriage of the Sun and the Moon (Boston: Houghton-Mifflin), ©1980 by Andrew Weil.



my delight, the underside of each cap glowed with a brilliant blue luminescence; the light of the whole cluster was considerable. That is energy.

MUSHROOMS THAT CAN KILL PEO-PLE PROVIDE FURTHER EVIDENCE OF energy. Most of the deadly species are in the genus Amanita. They are large, beautiful mushrooms with white gills and pleasing tastes. They contain unusual chemical compounds that poison the most basic processes of cellular metabolism, leading to death through destruction of liver and kidney tissue. There is no antidote for their effects, and mortality may be over 50 percent. Symptoms do not appear possible until 12 to 36 hours after ingestion, making it impossible to remove much of the toxic material from the stomach. The devastating effects of deadly amanitas on the human organism are another clue to the nature of mushroom energy. That energy can overwhelm the balance of life.

Other mushrooms, mostly little ones in the genus *Psilocybe*, can precipitate us into the most profoundly different states of consciousness that can be utterly terrifying or inexpressibly beautiful. Anyone who has experienced their power will not dispute the statement that mushrooms are highly energetic things.

What nutritionists ought to be saying, then, is that mushrooms contain insignificant amounts of the energy nutritionists measure. That kind of energy, caloric energy, comes from the sun. Calories are simply units of solar energy bound by green plants or transformed chemically by animals that have eaten green plants. Mushrooms have little to do with the sun. Most of them are destroyed by sunlight and are best gathered in early morning before the light of day is too intense. Human societies in all parts of the world associate mushrooms with the moon. This association may not be fanciful. Friends of mine who lived near the village of Silvia in the Colombian state of Cauca told me that the growth of San Isidro mushrooms there was correlated with phases of the moon: Whenever rainfall was sufficient, a new crop would appear each time

the moon waxed, disappearing just after the full.

Many people also associate mushrooms with water, the feminine or lunar element, as opposed to fire, which is masculine and solar. Not only do mushrooms contain high percentages of water, their growth is triggered primarily by rain. When I have picked mushrooms in wet forests on misty mornings after fall rains, they have seemed to me to be entirely creations of water.

Mushrooms are, above all, perfect symbols of the "other" side of consciousness, of what Robert Ornstein in his book, The Psychology of Consciousness, calls the "night" side, the nonordinary mode of the dreamer, the visionary, the artist, the intuitive thinker. Ornstein, a psychologist interested both in neurology and esoteric systems of mind development, presents evidence that the two hemispheres of the brain serve very different functions. One is the locus of language, of linear thought, of masculine or "day" consciousness; the other is the locus of nonlinear, nonrational, feminine, receptive, intuitional consciousness. Of meditation, Ornstein writes:

[It] is a technique for turning down the brilliance of the day, so that everpresent and subtle sources of energy can be perceived within. It constitutes a deliberate attempt to separate oneself for a short period from the flow of daily life, and to "turn off" the active mode of normal consciousness, in order to enter the complementary mode of "darkness" and receptivity.

What we call a mushroom is the fruiting body of a form of life that exists in the soil as a vast network of microscopic cellular threads, invisible to the naked eye except in mass. The fruiting body is a gigantic, compact aggregation of these threads, the result of rapid cell division and growth. Some mushrooms can develop in several hours after a soaking rain. It is this character of springing up full-grown in all of their strange beauty that makes mushrooms such potent symbols of the workings of our unconscious minds. Intuitions, flashes of insight, mystical raptures all burst into ordinary consciousness in all their vividness from the dark, invisible substratum of mind that exists below and within the daylight world of everyday. Like mushrooms, they cannot long exist in the sun but must be taken advantage of as soon as they appear.

Mushrooms lack chlorophyll, so they cannot derive energy directly from the sun but must feed on live or dead organic matter. In nature they are vital intermediaries in the life cycle: They dismantle complicated organic structures to simplest constituents that can be used again to build the material shells of living things. Their fruiting bodies are works of great complexity compared to the simple strands of cells woven through the soil below.

It is hard to look at certain mushrooms



without being struck by their phallic shape. Some species, the stinkhorns in particular, are so flagrant in this resemblance that they carry the word *phallus* in their botanical names. Here is another meaningful correspondence: The form of the mushroom is homologous with the form of a part of the human body that has very direct connections to the night side of the mind.

So it is not surprising that mushrooms are associated with mysteries, with flights of the soul from the body, and with death itself.³ For all of these experiences are rooted in unconscious mental activity.

I have suggested that some mushrooms called poisonous in books might equally be called psychedelic. All psychedelics are intoxicants-that is, poisons. The decision to use a positively or negatively loaded term has nothing to do with the reality of the thing itself. Amanita muscaria is an example. It is called the "fly agaric" (agaric is another word for "mushroom") because an infusion of it in milk was set out in olden times to kill houseflies. Nearly all books call Amanita muscaria dangerous, if not deadly, probably because it is a relative of a much more dangerous mushroom, Amanita phalloides, the death cup. Yet there is no question that A. muscaria can transport people quite safely to realms of powerful, nonordinary experience. At the present time, many people in Northern California are using it to take themselves on such trips, some by drinking infusions of it in milk.

A simple explanation of this disparity in the reported effects of the fly agaric in man is that people are differently set to interpret effects of this sort. Amanita muscaria does not kill, but it does make the body feel very unusual. This strong but neutral change may be interpreted in one of two ways: as a negative, outside force operating against

Jam a
mycophile. I find
myself curious to
sample mushrooms
that books call
poisonous.

the ego—that is, as sickness or intoxication—or as an opportunity to withdraw attention from ordinary things and pay attention to strange ones—that is, as an altered state of consciousness or high.

In other words, there is no line between poisonous and psychedelic mushrooms. Mushrooms are a pharmacological continuum, from the white cultivated variety that has no action as a drug to species like the death cup that can easily kill. If one likes to get high by eating mushrooms, he can choose species over a wide range of toxicity.

I WAS INTERESTED IN TRACKING DOWN CASES OF INGESTION OF THE panther amanita in the Pacific Northwest and soon found that they were of two kinds. Some people ate the mushrooms by accident. They were foraging for edible species and made a mistake. Thinking the panther was some innocuous edible, they took it home, cooked it and ate it. This mushroom produces an intoxication of rapid onset. Within 15 to 30 minutes, it made

all of these people feel very peculiar.

Now, none of them had had any contact with the drug subculture. Their only prior experience with psychoactive substances had been with alcohol, tobacco and coffee. Also, like many mushroom hunters in the English-speaking world, these people were unconsciously mycophobic. When they began to feel peculiar, all of them decided they had eaten a poisonous species and were about to die. One woman first called her lawyer to change an item in her will, then summoned an ambulance. All of them got sick. All lost consciousness for varying periods of time, from a few minutes to a half hour. All were taken to emergency wards of hospitals, where they uniformly received incorrect medical treatment: large doses of atropine that made their conditions worse. They were admitted to medical wards and discharged in 36 to 48 hours, since it is the nature of this intoxication to subside quickly, usually within 12 hours. Most of these victims said they would never eat mushrooms again. One man said he could not look at mushrooms in the store for months afterward. When told some people ate the same mushroom for fun, they shook their heads in disbelief.

The other cases of panther amanita ingestion I uncovered occurred in members of the drug subculture who ate the mushroom deliberately because they heard it gave a high. These people had extensive experience with marijuana and hallucinogens, including psilocybin mushrooms. They believed that nature provides us with all sorts of natural highs just waiting to be picked in the woods. When these people felt the rapid effects of Amanita pantherina, they welcomed them as signs that the mushroom was really working. None of them got sick. (A few mentioned transient nausea but did not regard it as important.) None of them lost consciousness. None of them felt it necessary to summon help. All of them liked the experience and most said they intended to repeat it. Some had already eaten the panther a number of times.

When I present this information to groups of physicians, they try hard to come up with some simple, materialistic explanation for the difference in response to the two kinds of cases. A question they always ask is: "Might there have been a dose difference?" The answer is, yes, there was a dose difference; the people who ate the panther deliberately ate more of it than the people who ate it accidentally.

The only way to interpret this story is by reference to set. The panther mushroom produces a powerful but neutral change in psychophysiology. People with strong fears can turn this feeling into mushroom poisoning by concentrating on its negative aspects and, eventually, by putting themselves in the hands of others who actually do make them feel worse. People with strong hopes of a new high can turn the

same feeling into a welcome state by ignoring the negative aspects and concentrating on the interesting changes in mood and perception.

PROBABLY THE BEST MUSHROOMS TO USE AS PSYCHEDELICS ARE THOSE containing psilocybin, a drug that is relatively gentle on the physical organism yet strongly capable of inducing visionary experience. A number of species contain this substance, many in the genus Psilocybe, for which it is named. Of the several kinds of psilocybin mushrooms available in Mexico, where their ritual consumption is an old Indian tradition, I tried only one: the species Psilocybe (or Stropharia) cubensis, known colloquially as San Isidro.

This mushroom grows widely throughout tropical and subtropical America. It has a light tan cap, darker at the center; dark gills; and a blackish veil around the stem. Any part of it that is bruised turns blue within minutes. It grows in open cow pastures at the edges of clumps of cow manure, and its size is variable. I have seen caps up to a foot in diameter. Because its appearance and growth habits are so characteristic, one can easily learn to distinguish it and collect it.

The San Isidro mushroom is eaten by Mazatec and other Indians in the Sierra Mazateca in the northeastern corner of the Mexican state of Oaxaca and by many outsiders who come to the area to "do mushrooms." It is available during the rainy season from May to September and also at any time rain falls during the rest of the year. I arrived in Huáutla de Jiménez, the main town of the area, just after a fortuitous out-of-season downpour at the end of January 1972 and so was able to obtain and eat a quantity of San Isidro mushrooms.

I had the good fortune to be taken into the house of Julieta, a curandera (healer) who lives in a tiny village near Huautla and who uses mushrooms in religious services and medical curings. But the village council was not happy with my presence and told me I would be put in jail if I stayed beyond sunset. After much arguing (not easy, since almost no one spoke Spanish), I wangled a 24-hour permit to stay, and Julieta said she would keep me hidden away in her kitchen to minimize my visibility. Because her house was directly across the street from the little town hall, I was constantly aware of the tension surrounding my presence and of the need for secrecy in all things to do with the mushrooms.

The Sierra Mazateca is a breathtakingly beautiful area of Mexico, with steep green peaks, rushing rivers, and hillsides of coffee and banana trees. The little villages are clustered on the very tops of the mountains so that going from one to another means long and difficult descents and ascents over rough roads. From Julieta's house one could see Huáutla on a neighboring peak and oth-



///ushrooms are associated with flights of the soul from the body, with death itself.

er settlements in the distance-a splendid vista. The house itself had three rooms: a tiny kitchen; a large, sparsely furnished living room; and a bedroom, where eight or nine persons slept at night. Julieta was the head of the household, and her husband seemed to defer to her in all important matters. They had five children. A young girl who tended the house also lived with them.

From morning to night, a constant stream of patients came to be treated by Julieta, to chat, to drink coffee. Mothers with sick babies, children with bad cuts, grownups with stomach trouble all wandered in, stayed for minutes or hours, got their medicine, and left. Julieta had a garden of medicinal herbs growing in back of her house. She talked much about hongos-sacred mushrooms-as the gran remedio that cured all ills, but in the everyday situations that confronted her she relied on modern drugs. A table in the living room was heaped with antibiotics and other chemicals, mostly in injectable forms. Like many curanderas in Mexico, Julieta is skilled in giving injec-

tions, and most patients who come to her want injections, even of drugs that can just as well be given by mouth. The Mazatecs have come to see injection as a magical technique, more magical than their traditional practices. Antibiotics and other powerful drugs (many of them dangerous, in my view) are widely available without prescription in Latin America and wind up in the hands of nonprofessional therapists like Julieta. Although I disagree with her methods of treatment, I must say that she knew what she was doing and that she inspired faith and confidence in people who had no one else to turn to when they were sick. There seemed to be a lot of sickness in and around Huáutla, fostered by inbreeding in an area long isolated from the outside by difficult mountains. Illness is also encouraged by the damp chill that permeates the region whenever clouds block out the tropi-

Shortly before my arrival, Julieta had picked a bunch of San Isidro mushrooms. They were obviously meant for me, she said, although I had arrived out of the blue with no forewarning. The mushrooms were wrapped in a sheet of newspaper, hidden in the bedroom, waiting for the right moment to be used. That moment came after midnight on the night after my arrival, which was also the night of the full moon in January, after the last patient had gone home, the children had been put to bed, and the house boarded up for the night. Julieta, her husband, the servant girl and I gathered in the kitchen by candlelight. Julieta unpacked a bag of paraphernalia for the ceremony while her husband set up a small altar on a low table. The centerpiece of the altar was a framed portrait of San Isidro.

San Isidro is the patron saint of agricultural workers and a popular household saint throughout Mexico. Julieta explained that he was her husband's patron saint and that she used him to preside over her mushroom ceremony. It was just "coincidence" that the variety of mushroom we were going to use also bore his name. The standard depiction of San Isidro is striking: In the midst of a beautiful pastoral scene, an obviously holy man in brown robes kneels in prayer beside a cart and oxen, looking up to heaven. Above, through an opening in the sky, psychedelic rays pour down upon him from some other dimension. Julieta told me to concentrate on the picture while she got things ready.

In front of the altar was a small charcoal fire. On it Julieta burned incense-copal (a resin related to frankincense) and palo santo (an aromatic wood). She sat beside me on a woven mat, purifying her hands and face in the fragrant smoke while whispering prayers. She asked me to cleanse myself in the smoke in the same way. Then she took up the mushrooms in the sheet of newspaper, studied them for a long time, picking up one and then another, all the time praying and wafting incense smoke over herself. The mushrooms were about two days old by now, somewhat wrinkled and dry, with many larvae and little winged insects crawling over them. Julieta bathed them in the smoke, praying more fervently. Her husband and the servant girl retired several paces to a darker area of the kitchen and waited in silence.

When the incense was consumed, Julieta took a small dried chile pod and placed it on the glowing charcoal. She passed the mushrooms through the acrid smoke that went up from the chile, and instantly the larvae and insects crawled out of the mushrooms and died on the newspaper. The chile was removed and more copal put in its place.

Now the time had come. With great deliberation, Julieta took the two largest mushrooms (three-inch caps), arranged them on a little dish, and handed the dish to me. She told me the mushrooms were like the Eucharist and that taking them inside me would enable me to participate in the mystery of the service. Then she smiled sweetly and asked me where my parents were and whether it was all right with them that I was doing this. I told her they were in Philadelphia and trusted me. She seemed satisfied and told me to eat the mushrooms.

I began chewing the cap of the larger mushroom. It was a bit dry and surprisingly tasty: a strong, penetrating, wild mushroom flavor that became more intense as I chewed. I had not anticipated how good these things would be to eat. So many Indian drugs I have tried are intensely bitter, replete with warnings to the senses that they are not supposed to be eaten. But here was something delicious. Before I knew it, I had finished both, stems and all. Julieta now prepared another dish, this time with 7 or 8 smaller mushrooms. She bathed them in incense, praying as before, and handed the



here
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and
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mushrooms.

dish to me. I ate them one by one, chewing thoroughly. This operation was repeated two more times, so that I ate a total of about 20 smaller mushrooms. Julieta then fed several mushrooms to her husband and to the servant girl, asking them first to wash their hands and faces in the scented smoke and praying over them quietly as they ate. She then told me to sit still while she made sure all the children were asleep.

It must have been one in the morning. Through a crack in the kitchen window I could see that the lights of the town hall were still burning. Doubtless, the council was still debating whether or not to put the intrusive gringo in jail. But in back of the house, all was dark: the eerie blackness of the Sierra Mazateca and now the brilliant splendor of a full moon, high over the mountains in a cloudless sky. I sat watching San Isidro in the flickering candlelight, feeling extraordinarily content and well. Julieta's husband leaned over from time to time, asking if I was all right and assuring

me that his wife would soon be back. I told him I was fine.

By the time Julieta reappeared, I was just beginning to feel unusual. The effect of the mushrooms was very gentle, definite, and progressive, beginning as a sensation of lightness and well-being. Julieta placed more incense on the charcoal. Now her husband and the servant girl left us alone. I was kneeling in front of the little altar; Julieta knelt to one side, praying continuously to San Isidro and other intercessors to help me in my life's work. She asked me to repeat the Lord's Prayer three times. I began to see color hallucinations—pastel spots and gentle undulations of surfaces—all delightful.

My recollection is that we prayed together for some time during the peak of the effect of the mushrooms, probably from 45 minutes to an hour and a half after I had eaten them. I felt fresh, alert, healthy and cleansed. Then, the formal part of the service over, Julieta and I chatted for a long while about personal matters. She communicated to me much of her own vitality, optimism and goodness of spirit, leaving me elated and more confident in my own abilities and powers. Finally (it was now quite late), she told me to go outside and "learn from the moon." She said she had to go to bed and that I should stay up as long as I wanted and then sleep late the next day.

Outside, the night was magnificent. I felt privileged to have arrived at such a spot on such a night, feeling the way I did. The mushrooms were still strongly working on me. I could taste them more powerfully than ever, and the taste seemed to be diffused throughout my body, making me feel in a very real way that the spirit of the mushrooms had entered into me. I recalled Wasson's suggestion that the word bemushroomed would be a good term for this state. I was certainly bemushroomed.

I gazed at the moon and the landscape for perhaps an hour, then spent some more time with San Isidro in the kitchen. He, too, seemed bemushroomed out there in the field with all those heavenly rays raining down upon him. Then, after another interval, I went back outside. But now it was much darker, and a great many stars were out, whereas only a few had been visible before. I could not find the moon at first. Then I saw it, low over the western mountains: a crescent of silver along a dull gold disk. It was being eclipsed. I waited, breathless, as the eclipse progressed to totalityan unexpected, wonderful spectacle. The stillness of the night was complete; I doubt that very many people were awake to see the show in the sky.

Then the moon began to set behind the mountains, still in eclipse, and I felt tired for the first time. I went back inside, said good-night to San Isidro, blew out the candles, crawled into my sleeping bag and fell asleep quickly.

In the morning, I awoke refreshed, feeling better than I had in a long time, and went off for a day in Huáutla of shopping and negotiating with the military authorities. (The council in Julieta's village was making more threats of jailing me, and I wanted some sort of safe-conduct pass.) When I got back, Julieta told me there were some mushrooms left over and that I might as well finish them that night. I really did not want to since I had just had a perfect mushroom experience, but instead of telling her that, I agreed. So that night we repeated the service with incense, prayers and San Isidro, and then Julieta went to bed. But everything was different. A heavy bank of fog and cloud closed in, the temperature dropped, and suddenly nearly everyone in the house was sick. There was much crying and coughing from the bedroom, and I began feeling unwell, too. A great sense of depression and isolation came over me. I could not get to sleep. The mushrooms seemed to be working against me, not with me, and I felt far away from where I was supposed to be.

Toward dawn, still awake, I began to understand that this experience, too, was part of the lesson: that mushrooms, like other agents of psychedelic experience, must be used in a proper context, that their magic is strong but neutral and can produce evil as well as good. To take them just because they are available, when the time is not right, is a mistake. The negative experience of this second night did not in any way detract from the goodness of the first night. If anything, it made me more aware of the value of that experience and more eager to retain it and use it in my life. I hoped that I would be able to be bemushroomed again, but I resolved to be patient until the right moment came.

At the first light of dawn, I got up and packed my things. We had decided it would be best for me to leave before the sun was

up so that I could be out of the clutches of those officials who wanted no outsiders on their mountaintop. I said good-bye gratefully to Julieta and started down the mountain toward the world outside.

COLOMBIA IS A SORT OF CORNUCO-PIA OF PSYCHOACTIVE PLANTS. IN ADdition to producing a multitude of exotic Amazonian drugs, like yagé, it is the main source of potent marijuana in western South America and a large coca producer as well. Now, it seems, it is a second home for psilocybin mushrooms. Psilocybe cubensis, the San Isidro of Mexico, has established itself in many parts of the country, and many people consume it. There is no tradition for use of mushrooms as intoxicants by South American Indians, so that knowledge of use of this species must have come from outside. Quite probably it came by way of hippies-North American, South American or European-who knew the mushroom from the Huáutla area of Oaxaca and recognized it in Colombia. In some cases, these people have recently introduced Colombian Indians to the drug, the reverse of the usual order of things.

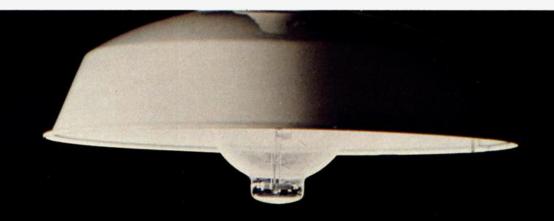
Many stories about *Psilocybe cubensis* circulate among travelers in Colombia. One is that it grows wherever volcanoes, fireflies and avocados occur together. Another is that it follows Brahma cattle, which were

imported into South America in this century because of their resistance to heat. But it seems to be growing all over the place without regard to any particular conditions and even fruits in great abundance in central Florida and along the Gulf Coast of the United States, where volcanoes, at least for the moment, are not much in evidence.

I first ate Colombian mushrooms outside Cali in an idyllically beautiful field with clumps of woods, a clear river and enormous, gray, humpbacked Brahma cows lying peacefully in the bright green grass. It was the beginning of the dry season, but there were enough *hongos* to bemushroom a group of us, and we ate them as we found them. To eat them fresh from the ground was a great treat to the senses.

We sat in the grass, about ten of us, and let the mushrooms transport us to a realm of calm good feeling in which we drank in the beauty of the setting. There were color visions, as I had experienced before with San Isidro in Mexico. In Mexico I had eaten the mushrooms late at night, in darkness and secrecy, in the very shadow of menacing police authority. Now it was broad daylight, in open country, with no one around but friendly fellow travelers. In Mexico I had felt like an early Christian pursuing the sacrament in a catacomb, wary of the approach of Roman legions; here everything continued on page 73



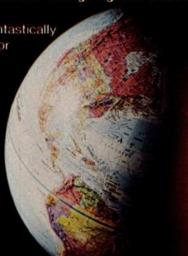


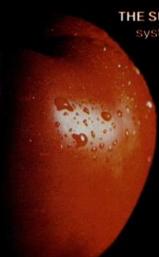
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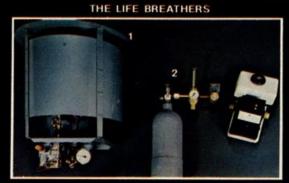
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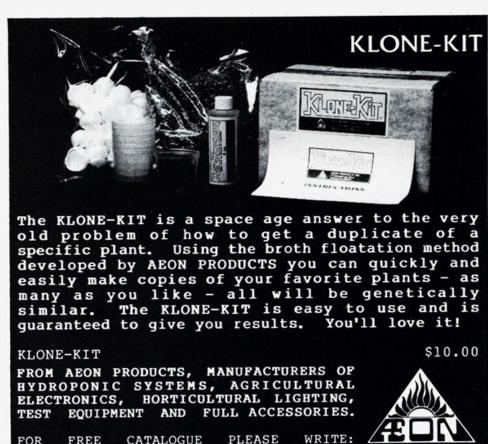
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was aboveground and open. The Indians of the Sierra Mazateca say that mushrooms should not be eaten in daytime, that they must be eaten at night. Yet here we were in full daylight having a wonderful time. In general, I prefer to take psychedelic substances in the daytime, when their stimulating energies are more in harmony with the rhythms of my body. I feel that way about mushrooms, too. Is it possible, I wondered, that the Indian habit of eating mushrooms at night is not so traditional as it seems but dates back only to the arrival of the Spanish and persecutions of native rites by the church?

After several hours, we wandered back through the imperturbable Brahma giants, across the river, and to the road where we had left our truck. Another nice thing about the mushrooms is that they wear off, gently, after 4 to 6 hours-a more convenient duration of action than the 12-hour trips of LSD, peyote, mescaline, and MDA. We had some extra mushrooms still with us, and these we dried for later use. Some days later, on the deserted shore of a lake in the eastern Andes, near the border of Ecuador. a few of us shared these dried mushrooms and again felt their magic. Though they still tasted good, it was not as pleasant to eat them this way as fresh.

I BELIEVE STRONGLY THAT PSYCHE-DELICS MERELY TRIGGER OR RElease certain experiences that originate in the human nervous system and that one can learn to have these experiences without taking drugs. I believe also that psychedelic substances are useful in certain people at certain times. For example, when used properly they have great potential for bringing about medical as well as psychological cures of morbid conditions. Of the psychedelics I am familiar with, few approach mushrooms in overall desirable qualities, such as ease of consumption, lack of toxicity and manageability of effects.

At the same time, I must caution that the abrupt onset of major alterations in perception can easily cause panic reactions, especially in people who take the mushrooms casually in poor circumstances, rather than ceremonially. By standardizing set and setting, ritual and ceremony work to minimize the potential of drugs to cause negative experiences. Mushrooms have that potential and must be used with due respect.



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¹R. Gordon Wasson and Valentina P. Wasson, Mushrooms, Russia and History (New York: Pantheon Books, 1957).

^{2 (}San Francisco: Freeman, 1972), p. 107.

³The mushroom cloud is an archetypal symbol of death for the 20th century.

^{*}Some of these cases were first described by Jonathan Ott in his article, "Psycho-Mycological Studies of Amanita: From Ancient Sacrament to Modern Phobia," Journal of Psychedelic Drugs 8, no. 1 (1976):27-35.

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Hitler's giving vent to the gases produced by the vegetable matter in his digestive system opened the way to one of his most dreaded phobias. The Master of Germany had a deep and abiding fear of farting!

To meet this challenge, the industrious doctor provided at least ten separate concoctions for his friend's digestive tract. To fight flatulence, aid digestion and inhibit intestinal flora, Hitler was consuming myriad mixtures of amino acids, metabolic enzymes, proteases and hemicelluloses amylase. But the little black pills from Linge's wondrous drawer that Hitler gobbled with each meal (and whenever else he felt like it) were to cause the fervor that almost toppled Morell.

The incident occurred in September 1944 when an increasingly twisted Hitler was groaning about head pain, dizziness, stomach aches and displaying obvious signs of jaundice. It was during this seizure that he retired to his "magic mountain" retreat and dreamed up the disastrous Ardennes offensive. (In fact, some Nazi officials insist that the so-called scorched earth policy, the Werewolf defense and the all-out destruction of the Jews were all orders issued from this condition.) Hitler's sickroom was visited in this period by Dr. Giesing who made an interesting find in Linge's stash.

The medication was called Dr. Koster's Antigas Pills and, according to Morell's own records, it had originally been prescribed against flatulence in 1936. The dedicated Dr. Giesing tried some of them on himself and was laid low within a week. The pills contained strychnine and the belladonna alkaloid atropine. Hitler had a mess of the little black suckers and was popping them like dinner mints.

Alarmed, Giesing consulted with colleages in Berlin and, braced with their supporting opinion, informed Hitler that Morell was literally poisoning him. At this point, the lawn mower hit fresh manure.

In the resultant uproar, Morell was removed and the Berlin doctors attended to Hitler's care. But Hitler had more faith in his "witch doctor" than in the accusing physicians. He later bemoaned this brief period of Morell's absence to his private secretary, saying: "I am lied to on all sides. I can rely on no one. They all betray me. The whole business makes me sick. If I had not got my faithful Morell I should be absolutely knocked out—and those idiot doctors wanted to get rid of him. What would become of me without Morell was a question they didn't ask."

In Hitler's eyes, Morell was no more a mere doctor than he himself was an ordinary statesman. Ordinary mortals couldn't be expected to comprehend judgments of visionary genius. Morell understood the effects he wanted to achieve and whatever he

dumped into the witches' cauldron of Hitler's veins seemed to work to that end.

The key to this attitude was revealed by Hitler's chief of foreign intelligence, Walter Schellenberg. A guileful individual who had progressed rapidly through the Nazi ranks, Schellenberg believed the Führer was suffering from Parkinson's disease and felt that this was enough excuse to oust him and his escalatingly insane rule before Germany was utterly destroyed. He unsuccessfully pressed Himmler to take Hitler into "protective custody."

THE PRESSURED
LEADER OF THE
CRUMBLING REICH
WAS ASKING FOR MORE
OF "THAT COCAINE
STUFF."

SCHELLENBERG HAD GOTTEN A GLIMPSE of German intelligence files on Hitler's conduct and found that they explained quite a lot about the Führer's behavior. He reported in his book, *The Labyrinth*:

They showed that Hitler was so ruled by the demonic forces driving him that he ceased to have thoughts of normal cohabitation with a woman. The ecstasies of power in every form were sufficient for him. During his speeches he fell, or rather, worked himself into such orgiastic frenzies that he achieved through them complete emotional satisfaction. But the inroads thus made upon his nervous system- and perhaps his own awareness of the disquieting strangeness of such a condition-drove him to seek medical advice from his friend, Dr. Morell, and also from Dr. [Karl] Brandt. Dr. Morell's diagnosis and treatment, however, did not lead to an alleviation of this condition; on the contrary it intensified it. For Morell believed that these symptoms were inseparably bound up with Hitler's power of mass suggestion, that it was this intensity which worked upon his audience as a magnet works upon iron filing [emphasis added].

So, in his ministrations to Hitler, Morell was deliberately catering to some bizarre theories of mesmerism. It is difficult to judge the true effectiveness or cause of Hitler's incredible emotive mastery of crowds because, apparently, it was entirely an immediate and local phenomenon. Very little of his special charisma survives the translation to film or sound recording to help in solving the mystery, but an occultist would tell you that his particular disciplines and attentions to "sexual energy" are quite revealing and that there are traditions in the murky, irrational tangles of occult lore over the ages that address themselves to its use.

Beyond everything else Morell was pumping into the Führer, there was a list of hormones: Cortiron, Testoviron, extracts of prostate glands and seminal vesicles taken from young bulls (orchikrin and prostacrinum). These were injected supposedly to avoid depression and promote potency, but there is a great question mark about this "potency." If Morell believed that pulverized bull testicles in grape sugar could supply sexual energy for outlets other than sexual, we have an obvious answer to the problem except for the lack of real evidence about Hitler's sex life. If we rely on Schellenberg and the extrapolations of psychologists from the scant evidence elsewhere, we are left with a consistent, if uncertain, projection of abstinence. So much speculation has surrounded Hitler's sex life that it would seem imprudent to fatten the accounts when perhaps only Eva Braun knew for sure. But Hitler's tastes and practices did show a distinct pattern. Again, the occultist would claim that they were the disciplines of a magician "in training." While he expressed no qualms about his dependence upon Morell's weird and witchy juggling of potions, he conscientiously abstained from alcohol, condemned tobacco and was such a strict vegetarian that he suffered from a protein deficiency despite Morell's injections of proteins and bile lipoids to "discourage the common cold." Against this display of self-control

and "will," it doesn't seem at all unlikely that he abstained from normal sexual practices in order to channel his sexual energies in another direction.

The high rollers of Nazidom had more than just politics in their kit bag. Adolf Hitler may have believed that he was acting as an instrument of Providence leading the German people and the world back into the realm of the pagan gods. Dr. Theodor Morell's manipulations may have, from the very start, been designed to create and maintain not only the magical state that many celebrities seek to present before the public, but one that channeled the microcosmic energies of the old nature gods into a system of mind control that obliged his Führer's and his own strange occult convictions. He did not believe that he was treating a mere man. He was treating a super-

The Nazi superstar suffered an all too predictable fate. Somewhere along the way, as he struggled to keep his levels of rhythm rolling, he sacrificed his health, his sanity (and probably some good nookie), along with the lives of 30 million people. At the end, with the help of his "faithful" companion, he was a twitching, blithering wreck staggering from one cloud of quasi-consciousness to another. One possible consolation was that, through it all, there probably weren't too many complaints from Hitler's close associates about his farting. High Hitler!



INTERVIEW: BILL GRIFFITH

continued from page 38

give it a whole new life. Then it eventually comes back to the United States again. But they wouldn't do that until it had been first certified by the Europeans.

HIGH TIMES: Why is that?

GRIFFITH: It's probably not as much of a phenomenon now but it's got to do with Americans thinking of their culture as throwaway. Europeans have the culture, but if Europeans say, "Hey, your popular culture, even though it's kinda sleazy, is great," the Americans say, "It is? It is?" and they look and say, "Hey, gee, maybe it is." Fortunately this process has not made American popular culture lose the sleazy quality it still has. I mean, if you want sleaze, this is where it is. You don't go to France. You don't go to Amsterdam. You don't go to Barcelona. You go right here.

HIGH TIMES: How many of your characters are finding audiences in Europe?

GRIFFITH: What inroads I'm making is all through Zippy. The Zippy phenomenon seems to bridge the ocean. It's funny because there's so much of Zippy that is American, like Ding Dongs and taco sauce. The publisher for my newest book in Germany is really into doing quality stuff. He has hired a translator who's going to print a pamphlet to go with the book. And the pamphlet will be a glossary, basically a dictionary of American popular culture stuff, like what is a Ding Dong.

HIGH TIMES: What is a Ding Dong?

GRIFFITH: What is a Ding Dong. So the Germans are now going to have a paragraph on what is a Ding Dong, who is Frankie Avalon, why is that funny. They're going to read my strips now and they're going to come to the word Ding Dong and if they want to find out about Ding Dongs they can look in this little book.

HIGH TIMES: That is wonderful.

GRIFFITH: It's great. I think it's grand. I mean, the publisher is a wonderful human being to do that. It wasn't even my idea. It was his own. Once again I don't quite know whether they are getting the Ding Dong ingredients right.

HIGH TIMES: Send him a Ding Dong. GRIFFITH: Send him a Ding Dong?

HIGH TIMES: Just, you know, pack it in styrofoam and ship it to him. It'll be fine to eat when it gets there.

GRIFFITH: Right. No matter how long it takes to go across the ocean.

HIGH TIMES: The next step is to include Americanized things in with the package.

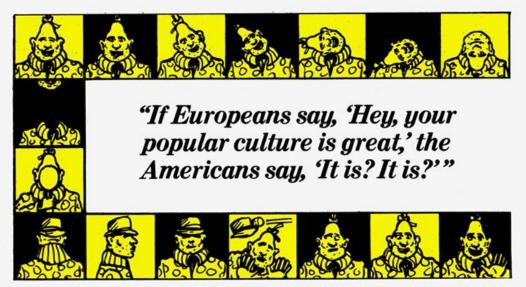
GRIFFITH: A Zippy gift pack. Yes. Like a big box of Zippy paraphernalia.

HIGH TIMES: Sure, Ding Dongs.

GRIFFITH: And taco sauce.

HIGH TIMES: Do you think comics have a future in the American culture?

GRIFFITH: Comics aren't super real like TV, but they are visual and what's happening in the culture is the visual forms are being elevated to the levels that literary forms used



to be. People are watching more TV, more movies. Comics came along the same time as film and photography, and they were all related to each other. They fed off and influenced each other. And comics definitely have a niche in the present and future, at least for a while. They might eventually be replaced by photo fumeti. Have you seen those?

HIGH TIMES: Photo what?

GRIFFITH: Fumeti. It's Italian. It started in Italy in the '50s. It's comics that are photographs. Each panel is photographed. The National Lampoon uses it a lot. They have a page a month or more of people talking, with balloons. They're real popular in New York. You see people in the subway reading them all the time. They might eventually wind up competing with comics.

HIGH TIMES: How well do you think comics will bear up against photo fumeti? GRIFFITH: Obviously, the quality of the drawing that I and a lot of other cartoonists do, the kind of drawing that is comics, is not as slick as most photograph-type images. So it might eventually present more of a problem to people in the future than it does now. Some day, if things continue the way they are, people may not understand what a drawing is. They may look at a drawing and be sort of disgusted by it, the way people were disgusted by Impressionism, when artists first started breaking down the way you see something. We may be making a whole circle back toward the realism that was taken as art in anywhere from the thirteenth to the eighteenth centuries that was broken down by the Impressionists. Now we've seen the end of abstraction and the beginning of another phase of realism which I think coincides largely with television, and which may then eventually be broken down again, by some form of art rebellion. I don't know. TV and all kinds of sophisticated realistic imagery may be too powerful for its position to ever be challenged again.

HIGH TIMES: The thing with comic strips is you've got portability.

GRIFFITH: The nice things about comics is the intimacy. It has the quality of intimacy of a novel and at the same time it has the visual stimulation that people crave. It's

like a drug. People have to have visual kicks constantly, it seems. Comics provide that to a degree. And you can regulate it. It's not a passive experience. That's another nice thing about it for me. Even for little kids reading Marvel comics, it's not passive. They get real involved and they put themselves in it. Readers in general respond to comics with a more detailed attention span than they would to other things. When you read comics or a book it slows you down. No one is in control of the speed at which you're receiving the information. Only you are.

HIGH TIMES: What about those people who are too TV'ed to read comics?

GRIFFITH: Comics are a language and there are some people I've come in contact with who don't read the language. And if you watch people reading comics, they read just the balloons. They look at the picture only for a split second. They know it's there but they're not looking at it. They're not getting any detail, any sight gags. Which is weird, because most people get it at an early age, before you get too literate, before you've read too many books. When you're seven years old and you're reading comics. It's an instinct. It's not a problem. But as you get older, if you didn't read comics as a kid, you're too trained to read those words so you don't look down at the pictures.

HIGH TIMES: Or up or sideways depending on where you've got the balloons.

GRIFFITH: Yeah. And in my stuff, that would be fatal. I'm often criticized for putting too much in a panel.

HIGH TIMES: Too much visualness or too many words?

GRIFFITH: Too much drawing. Well, some people say too many words, too. I just put a lot in. I've tried to hone it down some. I wasn't aware of the overload when I first started, but within a couple of years of starting comics I realized I was just cramming too much in.

HIGH TIMES: Of the original thirty or so original underground cartoonists that you mentioned, how many are still doing underground comics?

GRIFFITH: A lot of them have gone on to other things. Things that are connected to what they were doing then too. Victor Mos-

coso is basically a commercial artist who does ads for Levi's. He does a lot of oneminute animation commercials. That camel coming out of the circle in the KMEL Radio poster, that's Victor Moscoso. One of them is a tattooist, works on Broadway here. He's a good cartoonist. His name is Greg Irons. He was in Young Lust #6. A couple just have jobs, just stopped doing comics. One is kind of a welfare case. Justin Green is a sign painter, which is a great loss to underground comics, or to any kind of comics. Some cartoonists, for one reason or another, couldn't make a living out of underground comics, either because their work wasn't popular, even though they might have been good, or because they didn't produce enough, or because they were bad at business, bad at pushing their own stuff. A lot of the stuff that I've done, I've made happen. I didn't just wait for someone to approach me. I approached them. And if you didn't do that it was hard to make a living. But there are about five or six cartoonists, with Gilbert Shelton at the top as far as making money goes, who have only done comics since they started. They are still doing them and still making a living or making even better than that. Gilbert is living in Spain.

HIGH TIMES: Is he really?

GRIFFITH: He did very, very well.

HIGH TIMES: And just sending his stuff to

his publishers? GRIFFITH: Yes.

HIGH TIMES: Can't knock that.

GRIFFITH: Crumb, of course, could have been incredibly wealthy and chose not to, which was a very admirable step, very courageous, considering he was the most exploitable comic. I mean, he had nothing to do with the movie *Fritz the Cat*.

HIGH TIMES: He didn't get the rights?

GRIFFITH: It's a real long story. Manipulative lawyers. His estranged wife at the time had the power of attorney, and all kinds of

disgusting things happened.

People think of Crumb as '60s. Actually he was early '70s; but where the word '60s has a certain meaning, Crumb is stuck with that. I and some other cartoonists who didn't get anywhere near that kind of attention at that time in a way were more fortunate, because we didn't get eaten alive and he got negatively affected by all that stuff. It happens to a lot of artists, writers, any kind of people who do media stuff. They don't do it to get attention and money necessarily. When that happens, some of them handle it, some of them don't. Some of them get carried away and that's all they want is money and fame. And some of them are so afraid of it that it actually negatively affects their work and makes them lose their vision, which happened to Robert for a while. But he got it back. For a long time he just didn't do anything. He didn't do any comics. He hated anything to do with people. He's had contempt for all these people who came to ask him to sell out. But he got over it.

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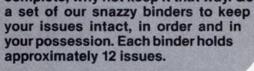




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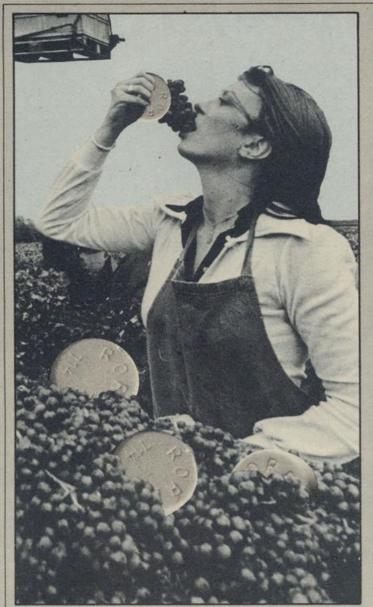


QUAALUDE GROWERS' GUIL

QUAALUDE BOTANY AND CULTIVATION IS INTRIcate and sometimes confusing for the neophyte, but it is no longer a specialty best left up to so-called experts. New developments in backyard technology have brought the Quaalude growing field within the range of capabilities of any reasonably diligent amateur, and a vast repository of formerly esoteric cultivation techniques is available and waiting to be tapped. While investment is minimal, many working hours are re-

All photos courtesy UPI

quired to bring up a superior Quaalude crop. There is also the inevitable risk of being apprehended by the authorities—a particularly frustrating impediment when it happens in midseason, just as the Quaalude vines commence to show their viability and promise—and steps must be taken to avert this. But the final returns are well worth the effort, both in terms of commercial profit and the simple, pleasurable pride of a job well done.



QUAALUDE FUNDAMENTALS

Quaaludes, which are often mistaken as "biscuits" by people who should know better, are really more akin to grapes in their original state, before being dried, flattened and pounded into commercial form. They are the fruit of the perennial vine Methaqualonicus philadelphius Mafiosos, a hardy but rare natural inhabitant of North and South America. In 1974. the intrepid Sicilian ethnobotanist Guglielmo "Little Malodorio-Baccala Boots" carried some slips of Methaqualonicus philadelphius M. to his native land. Today the European cultivar, called "Mandrax," has spread throughout the continent, and even found flourishing

roots in the Republic of South Africa, among the struggling minority white tribes there.

Methaqualonicus has traditionally been used, in ceremonial fashion, to alleviate anxiety, to induce sleep, to promote a mysterious but not-always-unpleasant "trance" state, and for incredible sexual orgies. The dried and flattened pellets are frequently imbibed along with preparations from the Andean shrub Erythroxylon coca LaMarck (see Cocaine Grower's Guide. Merck Sharpe Dhome, 1981) for reasons not yet fully understood by ethnobotanists. Field research in this area is proceeding apace.

PREPARING THE PLOT

In choosing a site for Quaalude cultivation, the topmost consideration to keep in mind is reasonable expectation of privacy. The Quaalude vine flourishes in virtually every agricultural medium from bayou muck to desert sand to kitty litter, but privacy is the single most critical factor in the plant's life cycle. A Quaalude plant exposed to nosy Moral Majority neighbors certainly has little chance of coming successfully to fruition and harvest; and considering that such neighbors commonly have small children who are excrementally curious, inquisitive and perpetually anxious to get back at any grown-up they can possibly drop the hammer on, really extraordinary precautions must often be taken to insure the Quaalude plant's vital privacy.

The best way to insure a reasonable expectation of privacy is to declare it forcefully. A 12-foot steel chainlink fence with electrified barbed wire projecting outward from the top is a pretty good way of doing this. Some growers prefer moats stocked with piranhas, barra-

cudas and electric eels; they say that while the tending of the fish requires some extra labor, the spectacle furnished by the occasional nosy neighbor or inquisitive child who tries to wade over into "plain view" of the Quaalude patch more than makes up for the added effort. Armed guards patrolling the perimeter with feral timber wolves is a pretty solid sign that the grower has reason to expect privacy for his expensive herbiage; but such individuals also have an annoying tendency right at harvest to hold the cultivator at submachinegun point and make away with the crop.

In selecting and preparing a plot for Quaalude cultivation, all these factors must be weighed and considered carefully beforehand. Just take this critical, fundamental botanical requirement of Methaqualonicus philadelphius M.—reasonable expectation of privacy—as your basic factor, and adapt it to your local environment.

And, above all, remember: During Quaalude growing season, you are *not* Mr. Nice Guy.





PLANTING & GROWING

Quaalude cultivation is the essence of simplicity. Simply select from each stash of Quaaludes you score the two or three smoothest, crispest, most hard-edged tabs. When you have a couple dozen of these, plant them individually, at least eight feet from one another, in six-inch holes in the ground, about the second week in April. The shoots will appear in late May, and by mid June you will have to set up sticks or trellises for the vines to wind around.

About this time, pink and white Quaalude blossoms will abundantly appear. Each blossom represents an incipient Quaalude, so pluck them carefully, leaving ample room for the ultimate Quaalude fruits to flourish to their ideal size—about the size of plums, that is.

The Quaalude plant is dependably weather resistant, requiring only normal sunlight and water to flourish satisfactorily. It is, however, prey to an exceptionally nasForemost among these are: Flied lice: These irritating vermin first appear in cobweb egg sacs hanging below the Quaalude leaves. Many morbidly absorbing hours can be spent blowtorching the little sacs themselves; or you

ty range of natural pests.

can wait for the eggs to hatch and then fry the squirmy little critters one by one with a magnifying glass as they emerge.

Big Black Slugs: There is not much you can do about big black slugs. When they appear on your crop, it's best just to uproot the entire afflicted vine and toss it into the backyard of someone you don't particularly care for.

Bugger Chiggers: Most often you can blow the typical saucer-sized bugger chigger away with a single wellaimed .45 bullet, but the occasional dinner-plate motherfucker will need a 12-gauge. Be careful.

Neighbors and Their Children: Feed 'em to the dogs.

HARVESTING & PRESSING

Around late August, your Quaaludes, now about the size of plums, will turn from pink to milky rose, and then pure white. At the same time. the letters and numbers will emerge. The "Lemmon 714" often matures about two weeks earlier than the "Rorer 714." Sometimes a mutant strain will give rise to anomalous markings such as "Lemon 714," "Limon 714," and so on. This does not necessarily mean the ultimate Quaalude at harvest will be inferior or poisonous, though by no means should it be unquestioningly trusted, either.

Just before frost season, the Quaaludes will split open neatly along the backsides. This will happen overnight, and the vines should be harvested first thing the next morning. Each vine should yield approximately 250 to 300 Quaaludes.

The Quaaludes are then piled into burlap bags and left in a cool, dry place until they dehydrate and shrink to about the size of olives. After a month or so, they will be ready for pressing into final commercial form.

Do not try this all by yourself!! Quaalude-pressing is tricky, and can be dangerous. For proper pressing, you'll need a special "Seeds 'n' Stems" Quaalude presser. Send \$1,245.98 today to "Seeds 'n' Stems," Box 374, Old Chelsea Station, NY 10091. Don't delay!



MERCHANDISING



No one needs any special advice in the proper merchandising of Quaaludes. Just hire a doctor and a pretty receptionist and open up a stress clinic. The world will beat a path to your door. So will the Mafia eventually, and then the police, but you should have enough stashed away by then to leave town and set yourself up in another state under a new identity.













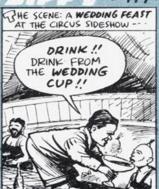








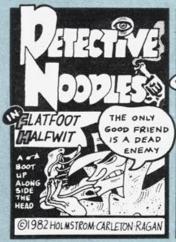












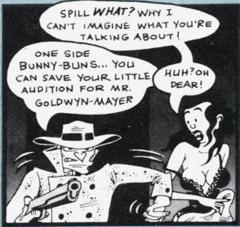




















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10:14 - EVIDENTLY THE CHIPPIE'S PIMP HAD OTHER PLANS. TROUBLE BEACONED LIKE A LIGHTHOUSE LOOK HERE MR ... WHOEVER

YOU ARE ... THAT'S MY WIFE YOU'RE FONDLING, AND I DON'T THINK I LIKE IT!







10:15 - SO THERE I WAS ... A CLEAN SLATE AND A LOST CAUSE NOTHING LEFT TO DO BUT KEEP MY FEET ON THE GROUND AND LET MY FINGERS DO THE WALKIN'







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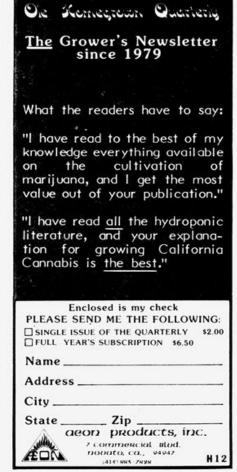
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1001 THOUGHTS ABOUT DRUGS

IT WAS MUCH EASIER TO QUIT HER-oin than cigarettes.

Synanon resident, 1971

45 Know thyself and know what thou puttest into thy sacred body. It is better to be a living ogre than a

Joy here, now, not in the next life is the goal. Tuli Kupferberg, Birth 3, 1960

246 LECHERY, SIR, IT [DRINK] PROvokes the desire, but it takes away the performance.

Shakespeare, Macbeth, Act II,



NOT ONLY DOES A GOOD BELT TAKE Your breath away when your swallow it-but alcohol also disrupts your breathing when you sleep, scientists have

Sleep apnea was found to be 51/2 times more prevalent in test subjects who drank orange juice with vodka in it than in those

who drank only juice...
"There is a high death rate in alcoholics that has never been adequately explained by auto accidents, liver disease, and so forth. This could be part of it," researcher A. Jay Block of the University of Florida Medical School said.

New York Post, Nov. 3, 1981

248ON JULY 10, 1981 HEALTH OFFI-cials in San Bernardino County, CA, were notified of a possible food-borne outbreak associated with a covered-dish brunch at a local college. Fifteen persons who ate at the brunch were interviewed. Nine complained of illness, which involved at least two of the following symptoms: dry mouth (9), dizziness (7), tachycardia (5), blurred vision (5), memory lapse (5), "tingling" (3), anxiety (3), confusion and drowsiness (3), nausea (1), and headache (1). The age groups of ill persons were as follows: 20-29 years old, 1 person; 30-39 years old, 3 persons; 40-49 years old, 2 persons; and 50+ years old, 3 persons. The mean incubation period was 1.1 hours (range 50 minutes to 2 hours); the median duration of illness was 3 hours. The 3 persons hospitalized for observation were released within 24 hours. A standard questionnaire was administered to the 15 persons and food-specific attack rates implicated a zucchini cake as the common source of illness. The preparer of the cake when questioned admitted to the possibility of having inadvertently added marijuana to the recipe.

"Food-Borne Illness due to Inadvertent Consumption of Marijuana," Morbidity and Mortality Weekly Report, Oct. 30,



249 THE TIMES OF LONDON REPORTS A drug addict sleeping in his home at Faizabad, India, was bitten by a poison-ous snake. The man lived. The snake, however, wasn't so lucky. Officials report that the reptile died.

Zodiac News Service, Sept. 1981

250 THE BIGGEST MONEYMAKER IN Hollywood last year was Colombia. Not the studio—the country.

Johnny Carson, at 1981 Oscar

ceremony



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> Home Book of Modern Medicine, American 1907

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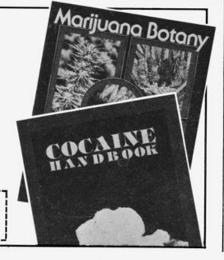
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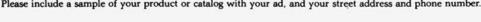
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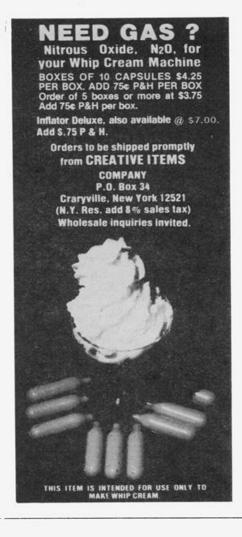
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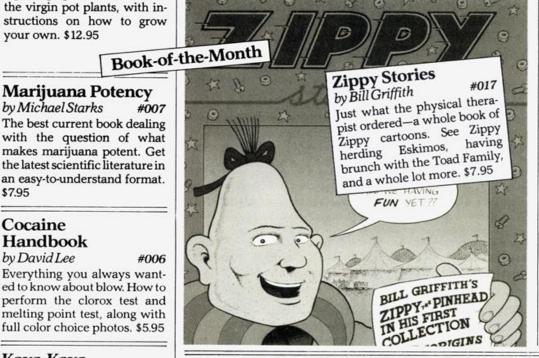
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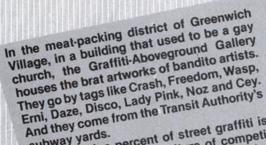
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Ninety-nine percent of street graffiti is based on the macho culture of competition: How long will you take to do a car be fore you get caught? How big can you write your name? But mere tagging—the writing of one's nom de spray can in a writing of one's nom de spray can in a public place—gave way to a more philosophical school of art. "It's not so much the rendering," explains one artist, "but the idea behind it that turns it into art."

The gallery is run by Joyce Towbin and Mel Neulander, who also represent the artists they show. "We don't want to the artists they show. "We don't want to the artists their artistic freedom," says temper their transferring from the outside Joyce. "In transferring from the outside to canvas, all the guts are still there. The bad boy quality is not lost." Maybe. The bad boy quality is not lost." Maybe. According to Crash, some 300 subway According to Crash, some 300 subway cars could have been spray painted in time the artists have spent protection that the artists have spent producing canvasses for sale. The subways and streets are that much poorer.







Mac Rebennack

BY DAY HE'S A MILD-MANNERED SESSION PIANO
PLAYER VERSED IN THE NEW ORLEANS FUNK
TRADITION. BUT LATER, WHEN THE BAYOU COMES
ALIVE AND THE GRIS-GRIS GETS CAST, HE'S THE
MASTER OF MUSICAL HOODOO, DR. JOHN THE NIGHT TRIPPER.

Mac Rebennack, the great pianist/organist/guitarist/singer/ songwriter/bandleader better known as Dr. John, is a walking embodiment of the rich New Orleans musical tradition. Though the days when he strolled around in wizard's robes casting gris-gris dust wherever he went are over, he still carries his hoodoo emblem with him: a walking stick carved by his friend Charles Neville of the amazing Neville Brothers.

"I was never formally schooled in hoodoo," drawls Rebennack, "I just been around it all my life and and when I first saw it, around 1954, '55, when I first met some of the musicians around New Orleans from the ninth ward, David Lastie and the fellas were into that kind of thing. It's so much of a melting pot, that's why so many things come out of New Orleans. Each little section has its own hoodoo temple, although they might call it the spiritual church. I don't think that hoodoo is a good word for it even, because it puts people in mind of pins and dolls and black magic. Some of it is based in superstition but a lot of it is herbal remedies, based on an understanding bigger than any church in particular.

"It's all around in New Orleans. When I was a kid there was a drugstore in North Ramparts where there's all these things like goofer dust and powders and oils and sachets and lotions and candles. I had as much misconception of these things as anybody until I started hanging out with these fellas and they started to turn me on to things."

Mac's accounts of his early days as a session musician provide a colorful history of the '50s R&B scene in New Orleans. "From about '48 to '56," he recalls, "there were so many sessions being cut in New Orleans there was more work than the cats could handle; there were sessions going on nearly twenty-four hours a day, six, seven days of the week. I got a break at a young age to produce for Ace records and when I got into the thing I started using integrated sessions and it was instant resentment from both unions. So I was caught between a rock and a hard place. I was the junior A&R man under Red Tyler. Huey Smith was Ace records; him and Earl King wrote I think every song that came out on that label.

"From the first year or two I wasn't really accepted," he says, "but then about '58 Lee

Allen initiated me into the funk clique, which is like, these were the baddest studio cats, Lee Allen, Red Tyler, Charlie Williams. When they accepted me I was on the inside.

"I started playing strictly guitar on sessions until about 1960, I think. I got shot in my finger and I wasn't able to play the guitar so I switched over to playing Fender bass. I got a gig with a Dixieland band and at that time I didn't appreciate the culture that was involved with Dixieland; all I thought of them Dixieland guys was that they were old men. I wanted to play funk, R&B. After about a year of playing bass, I started getting some work on the organ. I cut an album as an organist and that kind of got me to work on some sessions both on guitar and on keyboards."

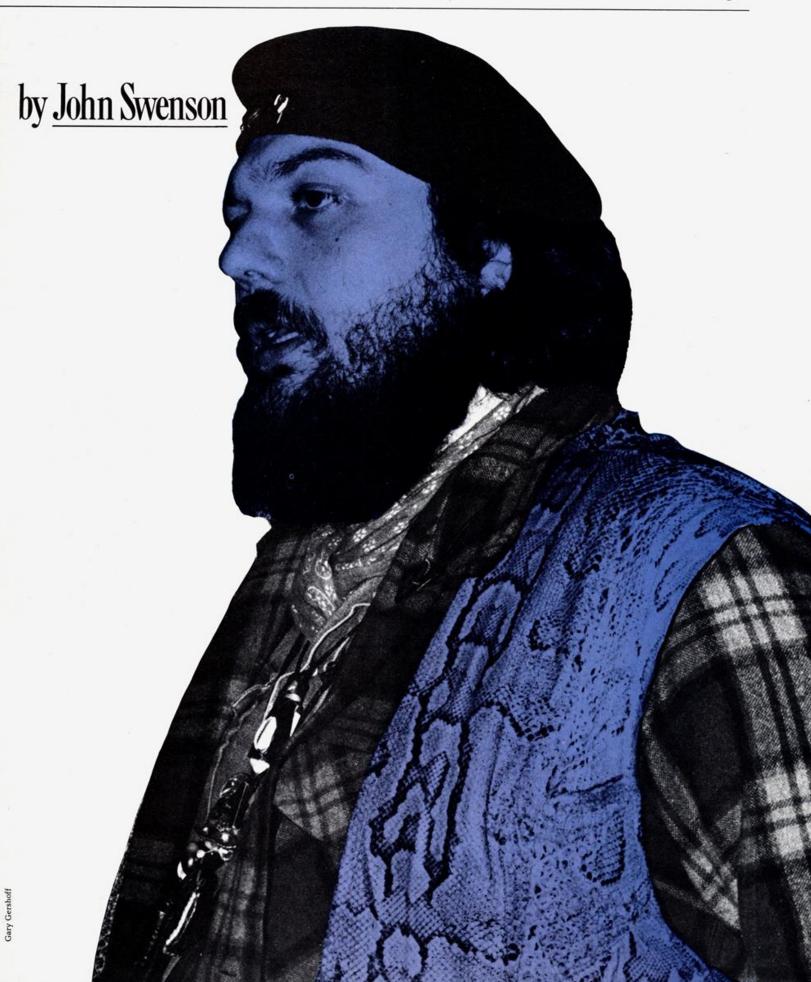
Mac made the switch from sessions to a solo career almost by accident. "I was supposed to go to California with Harold Battiste in '62 to work with Sam Cooke. By the time I finally got out to California, Sam was dead and Harold Battiste was arranging and producing Sonny and Cher. I started working with Sonny and Cher as a guitar player. It was through Sonny that I got to record the *Gris-Gris* album. I

went to every record company in California from the day I got out there with three album ideas. Nobody wanted it. At first I was gonna have Ronnie Baron be Dr. John. At the time Ronnie was with Don Costa and Don Costa didn't want him to be part of that image. I don't know what they thought I was trying to do, but when I couldn't get Ronnie to do it I didn't have another artist out there to be Dr. John so I said goddammit I'm just gonna have to do it myself."

Somebody should send Don Costa a thank-you note for forcing Mac to act out this incredible musical fantasy. "It was a big thing for me to decide to make a record singing," Mac laughs, "because I probably didn't know two songs when I first started gigging around L.A. that I knew all the words to. I'd just go out and play a song and make up my own words to it. When we got a square gig playing a cocktail lounge people would ask for 'Indian Love Call' and I'd just make up some words and play the melody to it."

Gris-Gris was recorded in three days on session time booked and paid for by Sonny and Cher but unused because they were making a movie.

continued on page 99





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Mac

continued from page 96
Mac did the album and was encouraged by Sonny to release it on Atlantic through his manager. "I just wanted to make a record that would paint a picture of the music," Mac explains. "I didn't actually take any ritual music or anything. I guess you could say I took it a bit uptown because I used electronic instruments, but basically we kept it in a south-Louisiana idiom."

Atlantic liked the record enough to let Mac do another one, although they probably didn't expect the bizarre LP he delivered, Babylon. "It was like a backlash against the psychedelic thing," Mac points out. "I came out to L.A. with my band and all around I see kids dropping acid and snorting speed, shooting junk, but mostly it was like the speed and acid thing, like you was a lemon if you didn't drop acid or something. And all of a sudden there was a million garbage records called psychedelic, no musical merit to it, it was just that they branded it psychedelic and it was easily sellable. That was my backlash at that stuff.

"When I first got to 'Frisco I saw Emmet Grogan and the Diggers and these cats feeding the kids in the park, doing good stuff, and right away it got turned into a publicity thing that had nothing to do with what was trying to happen. These guys were trying to form a real counterculture that would exist without money but somewhere down the line somebody said this is a moneymaking scene and turned it into a commercial thing and it was commercializing the music too.

"It started off as a free expression of John Coltrane and Jimi Hendrix; immediately everybody had this jacket to wear, they were the psychedelic thing; the last few albums of Coltrane and Hendrix were branded with this but they were just cats making music and they were way ahead. They were trendsetters. Nobody has yet caught up with either Coltrane or Hendrix. But somewhere along the line they got lost in the picture and there was this word psychedelic that was the whole gizmo to sell the product."

During the early '70s Mac had some management problems that adversely affected his next few albums. "Everything I did was getting me deeper and deeper in debt. It was like swimming at the bottom of a cesspool and seeing somebody open the top and getting ready to dump another ton of shit on my head. I talked to Jerry Wexler and he said why don't you record some of your old New Orleans tunes. I don't think he knew I played piano but we were sitting around and I started playing all the old Professor Longhair and Smiley Lewis stuff. That's how the Gumbo record happened. We were trying to keep it in a kind of commercial thing without bastardizing the music."

Mac had found his niche and was finally recognized for the keyboard master he is. His next LP, In the Right Place, scored a huge hit single with the title track and he went on to record a series of smoking albums with crack New Orleans R&B groups backing up his featured piano work. His most recent album, Dr. John Plays Mac Rebennach, is his first solo piano LP and it's a beauty. "Mac's Boogie" burns with the rolling good times only he can



evoke. Mac includes a heartfelt tribute to one of the masters of New Orleans piano, Roy Byrd ("Memories of Professor Longhair").

Mac has come full circle from his earliest days, when he played piano for himself alone, to the point where now he is an influence on countless other players. At first he couldn't even get a gig playing piano. "I had played piano all along but there were so many bad piano players around New Orleans that I didn't have a chance of working on piano." When Wexler later suggested Mac cut some piano tunes, he was surprised. "To me the only guy I wanna hear play the piano just by himself," Mac says, "is Art Tatum or maybe Phineus Newborne." But to a lot of other people, Dr. John, a/k/a Mac Rebennack, is the king of New Orleans piano.



"THE KINKS BECAME ISOLATED FROM OUR CONTEMPORARIES," DAVE DAVIES RECALLS. "EVERYONE WAS TAKING DRUGS, HALLUCINATING, AND WE WEREN'T... UH, I WAS."

You hear a lot about the longevity of such '60s invasion bands as the Rolling Stones and the Who, but the Kinks are right in there with those betterknown names in the awards for durability. And when it comes to devotion, no band has a more loyal following. In the mid '60s the Kinks were the biggest English group next to the Beatles after the back-toback success of hit singles like "You Really Got Me," "All Day and All of the Night" and "Tired of Waiting for You." Brothers Ray and Dave Davies turned out great material and coined a hard-rocking buzz that made their records jump with energy.

In '65 the Kinks were poised to capitalize on their tremendous success only to hit the skids when Ray Davies suffered an emotional collapse. Once Davies got himself back together the Kinks went on to make the ground-breaking Face to Face album, a conceptual milestone that preceded Sgt. Pepper and yielded one of the Kinks' biggest hits, "Sunny Afternoon." Just when the

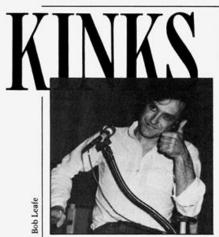
Kinks were at a high point of American popularity they were banned from the country for several years by the musicians' union due to a contractual dispute between their manager and a promoter.

So the Kinks were virtually forgotten in the States at a time when they were producing some of their greatest work—the quirky social cameos of Something Else and Village Green Preservation Society. Then, with the ban lifted, Davies struck gold again with the timeless single "Lola," which

was part of a massive concept album satirizing the recording industry. When the Kinks' record company refused to let them release the album as they wanted to, the Kinks left the label.

During the first half of the '70s the Kinks produced more great conceptual work—the Muswell Hillbillies album, then the series of album/stage shows, Preservation, Soap Opera and Schoolboys in Disgrace. Despite this fantastic output they once again suffered from lack of record company sup-

continued on next page



port and were forced to switch labels once again. Sleepwalker and Misfits marked a return back to the cameo songwriting style that worked so well in the '60s and sure enough the band began to build up its following by degrees. When Low Budget came out the Kinks were suddenly playing to packed houses for the first time in years, then a live album consolidated their newfound touring strength.

The current album, Give the People What They Want, completes the band's renaissanceit's the most popular Kinks album in years and coincides with the band's first run as a top arena act. On their recent tour, a show at the Meadowlands arena in New Jersey sold out so quickly that a second date was added at the end of the tour, and that show sold out in three hours. The band played a great set to a wildly enthusiastic crowd that knew brandnew songs like "Destroyer," "Around the Dial," "Yo Yo," "Back to Front" and "Art Lover" as well as the classic hits.

One of the keys to the band's renewed strength is the tremendous guitar playing exhibited by Dave Davies, who's become the showpiece of the band's arena persona. Dave recently reminisced with HIGH TIMES about the roller coaster ride he's been on with his older brother since they were teenagers.

"Before we had a band,"
Dave explains, "me and Ray
used to play together. Ray was
very much the instrumentalist
and I was the rhythm guitarist,
but when we formed a band it
changed. My playing was
more aggressive and it seemed
to fit better when we had

drums in the band. Ray and I have a very special relationship; it's been fucking terrible at times and yet we still are trying for something. We have the same goal but different methods of getting there. We're both fighting against each other and with each other. It's like a fusion of tension that makes something real. Ray is an intellectual person, whereas I'm not and I've gotten into a lot of emotional difficulties with people as a result of that. He's stimulated my intellectual part and I've stimulated his feeling part."

The Kinks went from playing seedy gigs to mass success almost overnight, and it was an unexpected shock to the Davies brothers. "In those days I think everybody that was involved with rock music was

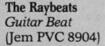
very much surprised by what they did. When we first recorded 'You Really Got Me' and somebody said to me, 'That's the most amazing guitar sound I've ever heard,' I was really surprised. That guitar sound seemed a natural extension of what I felt, and when it registered with someone outside I was surprised. And I think Ray surprised himself a lot writing songs. He'd write a song and he'd say, 'Dave, what do you think of this?' and he'd play it. I never thought, What am I going to do next year? I was just carried along on an unstoppable conveyer belt. We'd be on the "Ready Steady Go" program, it used to be fun when the Who were on the same show, Keith Moon used to run around, he used to keep , these speed pills called Purple Hearts. In England when you go into a sweet shop, they have nice little white paper bags they put the candy in, and he used to keep these pills in the sweet bags. I'd like to see some of those old films one day to see what sort of state we must have looked, getting out in front of those cameras, because it was all miming and the bar was always open and everything seemed easily accessible."

While pop music was changing with the rest of the world in the '60s, the Kinks were in a tumultuous state which finally reached a peak when Ray couldn't perform live and Dave had to front the band for a tour. "The Kinks went through a really strange period. We became isolated from our contemporaries. Everyone was taking drugs, hallucinating, and we weren't. I was, but we were a disjointed sort of band and we just kept to ourselves.

"We were committed to do

this tour, all we had to do was a thirty-minute set, and I thought, 'Ray's ill, we can't do it, and the managers were standing there, they were like six-foot-five, and I said, 'Don't look at me, what do you want me to do?' So they said, 'What about getting a hall together and just rehearse some of the songs?' so we did that with me singing and then they suggested that we do the tour. We did ten days and I was totally stoned the whole time. We played Brussels and some outlying areas of France. I didn't really know very much about those two weeks. But we got a rhythm guitarist just to sort of fill in and it didn't help because he was left-handed. We'd known this guy for ages and he knew the material and he looked not dissimilar to Ray but the left-handed guitar was a bit too much. We were in Belgium and this wise spark of a kid yells out to his friend, 'Hey, he's not Ray Davies,' and he's pointing to this guy. I thought, 'Fuck it, we've blown it.' But another drink and a few more pills and we'd go on and do the next show. It was a disaster. It was awful. I thought it was great every night. But I put it down to experience."





Shades of John Cippolina! This is the best instrumental group to ride the pipeline to my ears in recent years. They call it new wave but this hot stuff clocks in on a dimensional warp somewhere between Ennio Morriconi's spaghettiwestern soundtracks (the title track), the penny loafer preppy land of Dick Dale & his Del Tones ("The Calhoun Surf") and San Francisco on a very outside Saturday night ("Tone Zone," "International Operator"). Lead guitarist Jody Harris is the genuine article as you will discover if you ever get a chance to hear these guys in person, where the tracks on this LP are used as a mere jumping-off point for some mean extraterrestrial



The Mighty Diamonds Reggae Street (Shanachie 43004)

The vocal trio called the Mighty Diamonds is generally recognized as Jamaica's finest vocal trio, and their classic Right Time album established the band in the top echelon of reggae performers. Reggae Street, their first U.S. release in three years, coincides with the group's active touring schedule and could well be the album to break them nationally. The Diamonds' strengths are much in evidence throughout the set-their cool, sweet vocal style makes the easygoing lilt of "Reggae Street" track effortlessly, yet works equally well on the more intense political material like the stark "Survival," "King Kong" and "Illiteracy," or the great love song "Shabby Raggy." The ubiquitous rhythm section of Robbie Shakespeare (bass) and Sly Dunbar (drums) highlight a crack session band which also features Earl "China" Smith's lead guitar and a three-piece horn section.

continued on page 102



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NOTES



Jimmy Buffett Somewhere Over China (MCA 5285)

Buffett has seasoned a bit since the days of the Coral Reefer Band when he was the dealer's choice bard. "Margueritaville" marked a raucous turning point into mass popularity, and by now Buffett's a serene crooner. But that doesn't mean his razor sharp wit has dulled, as several of these laconic story-songs prove. "Where's the Party" and "I Heard I Was in Town" are softly mocking, sad but somewhat tongue-incheek self-parodies. The title track is an opportunity for Buffett to ply an Oriental melody on a tune and the effect is neatly evocative. Elsewhere, his tribute to the band, "Steamer," is a lovely moment, and for those who missed the wilder side of Buffett he throws in the good-timing casino tale "It's Midnight and I'm Not Famous Yet" for comic relief.



A Flock of Seagulls Modern Love Is Automatic Telecommunication (Arista VK 22001)/

Ken Lowy Wrinklemuzik (Irregular EP EX1201)

Vrinklemüzik

Some of the latest experiments in electronic-style trancelike music show that there are interesting things being done in the genre. Bill Nelson, ex-Bebop Deluxe guitarist, is a kind of guiding force behind these groups, having produced "Telecommunication," one of the Seagulls' more accessible tracks, and partly inspiring protégé Ken Lowy's music. Lowy experiments with an interesting effect called an E-bo, a handheld string driver that produces an infinite sustain on a note. The tone of the signal is controlled by the way the device is positioned between the string and the pickup-as you go closer to the pickup the volume increases.

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☐ 54: February '80



☐ 55: March '80



☐ 56: April '80



☐ 57: May '80



☐ 58: June '80



☐ 59: July '80



☐ 60: August '80



☐ 61: September '80



☐ 62: October '80



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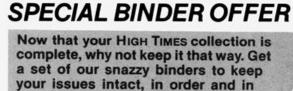
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NEGATIVE GIRLS

continued from page 45

dangerous. They keep files. They hold conferences. A negative girl's common complaint: I am a photograph fixed in the imagination of men. They are what they want to be. Negative girls don't think about whether they're happy or not. What a dumb thought.

A negative girl's main ambition is to have fun, but in order to really have fun she is going to have to get a gun. I think in the future negative girls should all be allowed to carry handguns in their garter belts. Of course, a lot of people would get shot, but so what. If they want to mess around with negative girls, that's their prerogative. It's par for the course to get smashed up by a negative girl. At some point she will do her best to bring you down crash. The trap in her magnet is honesty and pain. Sitting next to it you get hit.

A negative girl wears a shield on her wrist-her suicide scars: All negative girls have scars. All negative girls have abortions. All negative girls are whores. Sex is too dangerous. All negative girls have been raped and will admit it. How many American women will admit it? But when you try and talk seriously to a negative girl about taking more precautions and not being out alone at 4 A.M. drunk and depressed, she gets annoyed

\mathbf{A} II a negative girl wants is a negative boy to take care of her.

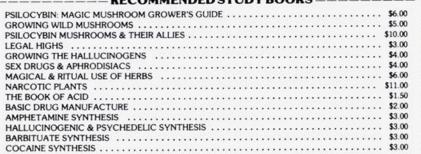


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I urge you to make contact with them. They are the language of our new dictionaries. They will teach you how to fall over without hurting yourself and how to plan your itinerary with the doctors. Negative girls are the bottom line in girls. You cannot retreat or advance further. They are capable of blurring into the essence of adolescence and freezing in future frames.

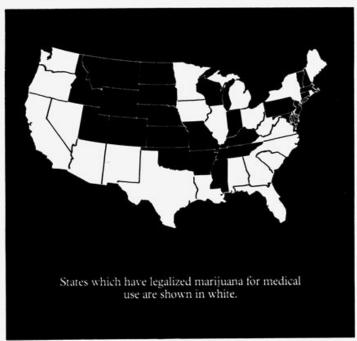
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LAST WORDS

Birdbrai by Allen Ginsberg M

Birdbrain runs the World!

Birdbrain is the ultimate product of Capitalism Birdbrain chief bureaucrat of Russia, yawning

Birdbrain ran FBI 30 years appointed by

F.D. Roosevelt and never chased Cosa Nostra Birdbrain apportions wheat to be burned, keep prices

up on the world market! Birdbrain lends money to Developing Nation policestates thru the World Bank!

Birdbrain never gets laid on his own he depends on his office to pimp for him

Birdbrain offers brain transplants in Switzerland Birdbrain wakes up in middle of night and arranges his sheets

I am Birdbrain!

I rule Russia Yugoslavia England Poland Argentina United States El Salvador

Birdbrain multiplies in China!

Birdbrain inhabits Stalin's corpse in the Kremlin wall Birdbrain dictates petrochemical agriculture in Afric desert regions!

Birdbrain lowers North California's water table sucking it up for Orange County Agribusiness Banks

Birdbrain harpoons whales and chews blubber in the tropics

Birdbrain clubs baby harp seals and wears their coats to Paris

Birdbrain runs the Pentagon his brother runs the CIA, Fatass Bucks!

Birdbrain writes and edits Time Newsweek Wall Street Journal

Birdbrain is Pope, Premier, President, Commissar, Chairman, Senator!

Birdbrain voted Reagan President of the United States!

Birdbrain prepares Wonder Bread with refined white flour!

Birdbrain sold slaves, sugar, tobacco, alcohol, Birdbrain conquered the New World and murdered mushroom God Xochopili on Popocatepetl

Birdbrain was President when a thousand mysterious students were machinegumed at Tlatelolco

Birdbrain sent 20,000,000 intellectuals and Jews to Siberia, 15,000,000 never got back to the Stray Dog Café

Birdbrain wore a mustache and ran Germany on Amphetamines the last year of World War II

Birdbrain conceived the Final Solution to the Jewish Problem in Europe

Birdbrain carried it out in Gas Chambers

Birdbrain borrowed Lucky Luciano the Mafia from

jail to secure Sicily for U.S. Birdbrain against the Reds

Birdbrain manufactured guns in the Holy Land and sold them to white goys in South Africa

Birdbrain supplied helicopters to Central American Generals to kill a lot of restless Indians, encourage a favorable business climate

Birdbrain began a war of terror against Israeli Jews Birdbrain sent Zionist planes to shoot Palestinian huts near Beirut

Birdbrain outlawed Opiates on the world market Birdbrain formed the Black Market in Opium Birdbrain's father shot skag in lower East Side hallways

Birdbrain organized Operation Condor to spray poison fumes on the marijuana fields of Sonora Birdbrain got sick in Harvard Square from smoking Mexican grass

Birdbrain arrived in Europe to Conquer cockroaches with Propaganda

Birdbrain became a great International Poet and went around the world praising the Glories of Birdbrain Birdbrain isn't evil, he just don't talk good, he's Sympathetic—

I declare Birdbrain to be victor in the Poetry Contest He built the World Trade Center on New York Harbor without regard where toilets emptied—

Birdbrain began chopping down the Amazon Rainforest to build a woodpulp factory on the river bank

Birdbrain in Iraq attacked Birdbrain in Iran Birdbrain in Belfast throws bombs at his mother's ass Birdbrain wrote *Das Kapital*

Birdbrain authored the Bible! penned Wealth of Nations!

Birdbrain's humanity, he built the Rainbow Room on top of Rockefeller Center so we could dance

He invented the Theory of Relativity so Rockwell Corp. could make Neutron Bombs at Rocky Flats in Colorado

Birdbrain's going to see how long he can go without coming

Birdbrain thinks his dong will grow big that way Birdbrain goes to heavy duty Communist Countries so he can get KGB girlfriends while the sky thunders—

Birdbrain's afraid he's going to blow up the planet so he built this Rocket to get away—

> Hotel Subrovka, Dubrovnik October 14, 1980, 4:30 A.M.

"Birdbrain" is available as a dynamic rock single performed by Allen Ginsberg and the Gluons for \$2 from Wax Trax Records, 638 E. 13th St.,
Denver CO 80203.



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...ULTIMATE DOMESI

That's not all. The SUPERMOWA's massive front-panel fuseholder protects your power. Deluxe pilot light indicates power in circuit. Heavy duty on/off toggle switch. So now you just flip the switch and stand back. Here comes the world's most awesome source of grolite power!!!

Our 1000 watt BU/HOR metal halide lamp puts out 50% more blue light for lush tropical foliage and 30% more red light for bodacious buds — without expensive supplemental lighting. Lamp life is 12,000 hours... two to four times 1500 watt bulb life. Our lamp (and the entire SUPPERSIONA) is covered under our one-year warranty. (You pay only shipping).

You get the smartest professional horticultural fixture with maximum reflection and perfect distribution of grolite power for coverage of up to 100 sq. feet. It's compact, easy-to-handle and designed to lower heat concentration so you can get it closer to your plants for even faster growth!

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MAY 1982



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